What Ails U. S. Propaganda?

The Reporter

September 4, 1951 25c

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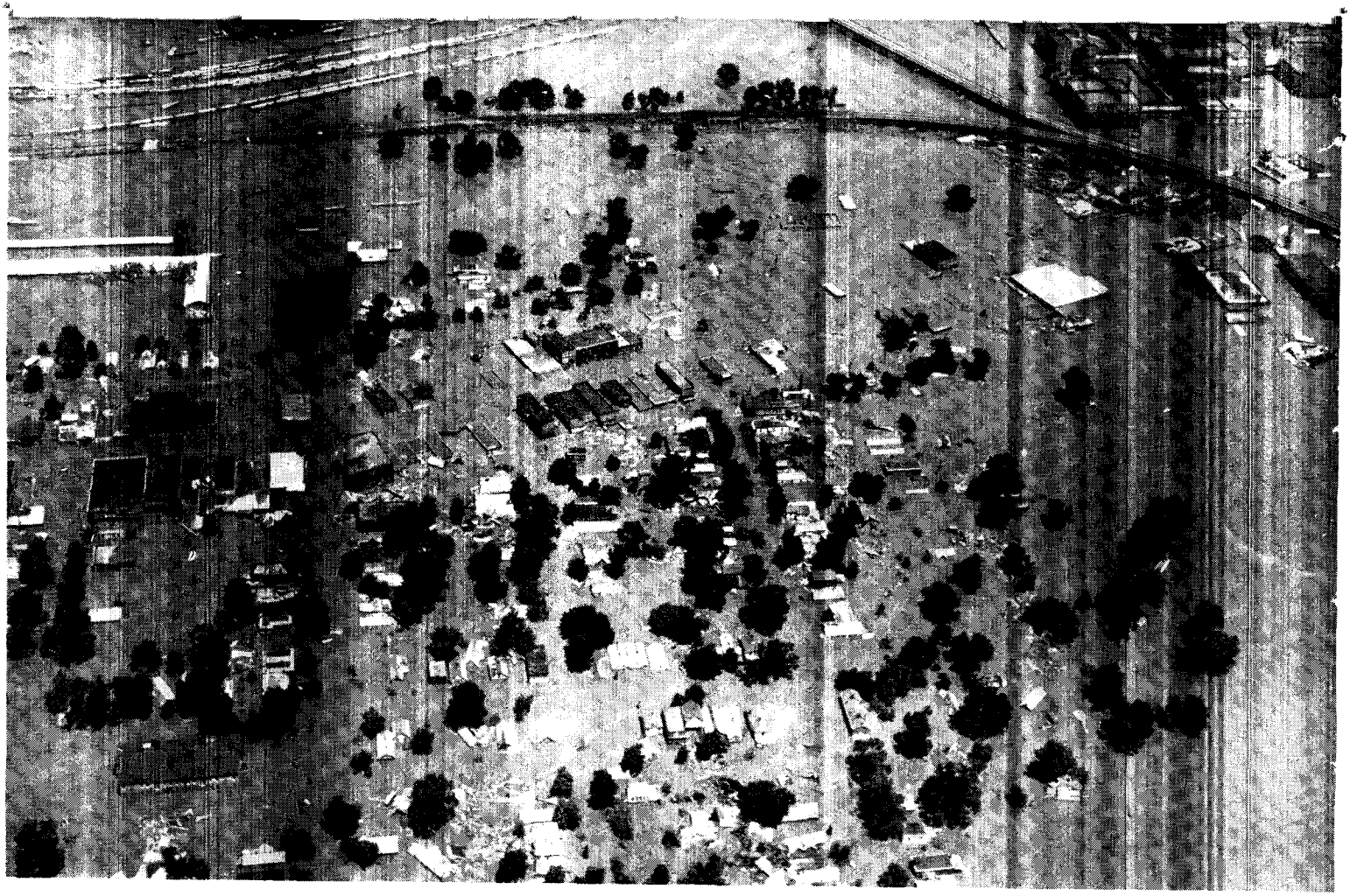

Kansas City, Kansas: July, 1951

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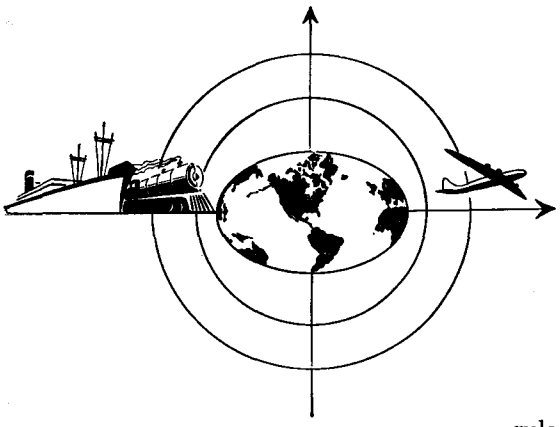

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

OLD WINES ARE GOOD

The French elections produced a happy geometrical figure of speech to describe the new Assembly—"hexagonal," it's called—but they did not rapidly provide the nation with a Government. Election returns were in by June 20. The new Assembly met on July 5. Then followed the several attempts, and failures, of seven statesmen—Messrs. Queuille, Schuman, Petsche, Bidault, Reynaud, Mollet, and Mayer—to find some kind of lowest common denominator that would permit the formation of a Government.

An eighth statesman, M. René Pleven, has now at last succeeded in forming a Cabinet and has won a vote of confidence. There is once more a French Government. Regrettably, one of M. Pleven's Cabinet members has already dropped out, but not because of politics—he was shot by his wife. Best luck to M. Pleven, we say, hoping that he will be around when this gets into print. But what caused so long a delay, such protracted indecision?

Again and again the parties, upon whose agreement the forming of a Government depended, met, debated, disagreed. About Communism, or the defense of the West, or German rearmament, or taxes, or Indo-China? No, they debated and disagreed about God; that is to say, about what French children should be taught about God; that is to say, about whether or not the State—the taxpayer—should subsidize private Catholic schools.

French political parties have debated this matter all through the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Republics; also under Napoleon the Great, Napoleon the Little; also during the Commune; certainly while enduring the mildly fascist rule of Daumier's pear-headed King Louis Philippe; and, of course, while the late Marshal Pétain ruled in Vichy. In this eternal debate both sides have demonstrated a most edifying intellectual earnestness.

But why were they at it again this summer? Possibly because the subject was the only one which French politicians could dominate at a time when the problems they could hope even to influence were rare. On this one subject they felt at home; they could be stern and uncompromising about it. They did not have to consult the United States or anyone else.

HONOR

The furor over cheating by West Point cadets has probably been overemphasized, as football is at many institutions, but it raises two interesting questions:

First, are the revenues derived from the football games into which young men put so much physical and emotional capital used in a manner commensurate with this investment?

Some negative evidence on this question was provided by an article in *The New Yorker* on August 4:

"The most expensive Jones [golf] course is the one he is now working on at West Point . . . It is being financed by the Army Athletic Association, principally out of its profits on football. Already, with only twelve of the eighteen holes finished, the cost has topped three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Jones . . . takes pains to explain that the West Point fairways had to be blasted through solid rock."

We expect that future Academy golfers will classify it as "a heartbreaking course."

Our second question concerns the wisdom of giving young men every opportunity to get advance information on examinations which affect their entire lives and future careers.

A quick survey reveals that Harvard, which has been going a good while longer than West Point and has turned out quite a few leaders of the American community, doesn't trust its undergraduates any further than it can throw them. They all take their exams at once, must sit at least two seats away from each other, and are constantly under the eyes of faculty members.

We asked a Frenchwoman what she thought of the whole business, and after telling us that students at St. Cyr, the French military academy, also are given tests under strict supervision, she came up with what we considered a most pertinent question:

"After all," she said, "can honor be made a *system*?"

INDOCTRINATION

With a nightmare sense of having seen them all before—with Hitler reviewing them, or Mussolini, or Stalin or Mao—Americans have recently seen photographs of indoctrinated youth marching through East Berlin celebrating the Communist World Youth Festival. Americans were furnished once again with trivial, or sarcastic, or complacent newspaper stories suggesting that the indoctrinated marchers did not really want to march; that they were all broken up because the Russian soccer team brought along its own referee; that they were happy only when playing truant in West Berlin—talking things over with American women correspondents, explaining how awful things were in the Eastern Zone, smearing their little mugs in peach melba at West Berlin sidewalk cafes.

Peach melba is fine and so, we hope, is West Berlin. But the lesson of history—that of the Fascist, Nazi and Communist régimes—teaches that indoctrinated youth has a tendency to remain indoctrinated, and that wishful thinking changes nothing at all.

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CORRESPONDENCE

HOLD YOUR FIRE

To the Editor: In your issue of July 10, 1951, you printed a letter that said "the best way to fight a fire is to light another fire" and therefore we must combat Communist propaganda in Europe with propaganda of a similar nature. This sounds completely illogical to me. If we were to use the techniques of the Communists we would merely add to the confusion from which they profit while using a method which we deplore.

The confusion and misery in Europe are due to the lack of material and spiritual things and not to the lack of propaganda. These are things which we can provide, since they are abundant in our country. In that way perhaps we can prove to the Europeans that our way of life is better than that which the Communists are able to offer.

MARION JACKSON
Forest Hills, New York

CHEER FROM ARMY

To the Editor: The article "Cassandras and Casualties" in the May 15 issue of *The Reporter* really strikes a responsive note in me. It is a neat, tight, little fact piece that says what it has to say and stops. And in saying that prophets of gloom do no good for our fighting men, you are, of course, absolutely right.

A large part of my time has been spent lately in refuting untrue or half-baked statements in print about the Army. Obviously, every article that gives the Army deserved credit, every letter to editors written from a burning desire to tell the truth, or from righteous indignation when it isn't told, is a tremendous help to the Army.

F. L. PARKS
Major General, GSC
Chief of Information, U.S. Army
Washington

TITO'S POSTSCRIPT

To the Editor: The article "Yugoslavia—Right Turn?," in the August 7 issue, while expounding well-known Yugoslavian trends, raised many questions and suggested many not-so-well-known answers. Unfortunately for the author, "Henry Mannering," Tito himself supplied an answer to a statement of the author in his reply to Molotov delivered July 28.

One statement suggested to evidence a "right turn" in Yugoslavia is, "Attempts to force the collectives were given up months ago." However, Anne O'Hare McCormick of the New York *Times*, writing in the July 30 issue in reference to Tito's speech, said, "But he made it clear that the collectivism movement would be continued. Attempts of 'enemies of socialism' to interfere with the program would not be tolerated, he asserted."

Thus, in view of the seeming contradiction between the words of the author and Tito, it would seem that Mr. Mannering, in his zeal to welcome Tito as a military ally, lost sight of the fact that Tito is a vociferous self-proclaimed advocate of Marx and Lenin.

Last, I am sure that the reason has escaped others, as it has me, as to why an expert on foreign relations should cloak himself in anonymity. If he is a refugee, he certainly did not offend Tito. If he is a known expert, why did he deny his readers the fruits of his background?

JAMES J. DERBA
Winthrop, Massachusetts

[The Reporter *strongly prefers not to print articles under pseudonyms, and only does so in cases where the author's identity must be safeguarded for compelling personal reasons.*—The Editors.]

DARE

To the Editor: Just a note on your alibi for not running the symposium and answering article you once promised on the Hessler world government piece [*The Reporter*, November 21, 1950].

The old "lack of space" dodge probably was first used when cavemen published by chipping on stone and it's been employed constantly ever since. We use it every day here at the Pasadena *Star-News*, but not after we've said we're going to publish something.

What gets space in any publication is always a matter of selection. Personally, I feel confident that an article giving the other side of the world federal government argument would be far more interesting than some of the things you have given space to.

I dare you to publish this and see if other readers don't agree with me.

RICHARD HUDSON
Pasadena, California

CHESTNUT

To the Editor: In this curious land where vague feelings of loyalty or habits pass for facts and ideas, *The Reporter* is more than normally welcome. But in Suresh Vaidya's "Sandals for a Son," in the June 26 issue, you bought an old, old fable. When I was six, in 1922, my family bought me a horror called, I believe, *The Children's Edition of the Books of Knowledge*, and when I was eight or so I read this tale therein. When I was thirteen I passed it off on an English teacher as my own theme. It lacked such touches as "Pandu Mali sends his Ram Ram" but in a major respect it was an improvement on what you bought, for it included the tramp who took the sandals from the telegraph pole.

HENRY C. BUSH
Hirosaki, Japan

BEEF

To the Editor: I have read "The MacArthur Affair," by John E. Sawyer (July 24 issue), and I cannot understand how I could have been so dumb as to finish it. I, and no one else for that matter, can hazard a reliable opinion as to the outcome of the Korean affair.

If there has ever been a muddle in the domestic and foreign policies of any country comparable to the mess that we have been placed in by our present political leaders, I do not know where and when it was. The attitude of the Administration and its cohorts is "Please let us have unity and nonpartisanship in our foreign policy," which actually seems to mean, "We will frame the policies and you all come in with a strong 'me too.'"

As to Sawyer's article, let me say that we have just had a full day's heavy rain here, and although it has soaked everything to the Queen's taste, even the swamps are not as wet as the said article. Of course a lot of people think that the treatment of MacArthur was O.K. but that's simply because everything Truman does is O.K., even to the undignified manner in which he has handled a lot of personal matters, and his general failure to conduct either himself or our public affairs in the manner in which we are entitled to have them conducted, by a person competent to be President of the United States.

N. SEELYE HITCHCOCK
Easthampton, Massachusetts

BOUQUET

To the Editor: *The Reporter* needs no encomiums from me; its dynamic personality as a publication devoted to international and national political, social, and economic events speaks for itself. From prospectus to practice its ideals have been realized.

MORRIS POLLAK
Clifton, New Jersey

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue

As the Soviet Union persists in sending out peace feelers, and the West debates as to whether they are real or spurious, *The Reporter* considers the contrast between Russia's and our own methods of psychological warfare. . . . **Lewis Galantière** was director of French operations for OWI during the war and has spent thirty years in the field of international relations. . . . **William S. Fairfield** is a Washington correspondent and frequent contributor. . . . **John B. Spore** is Associate Editor of the U.S. Army *Combat Forces Journal*. . . . **Russell Brines,** author of *Until They Eat Stones* and *MacArthur's Japan*, has been a war correspondent and Chief of Bureau for the Associated Press, Tokyo. . . . **Graham Peck** has spent a number of years in China and has written *Two Kinds of Time* and *Through China's Wall*. . . . **Arthur W. Hepner,** former Nieman Fellow, is a free-lance writer. . . . **W. McNeil Lowry** is chief Washington correspondent for the Cox newspapers. . . . **Robert Lasch** is on the staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. . . . **Alexander Melamid,** Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society, is an economic geographer who specializes in oil. . . . **Wallace Stegner,** of Stanford University, has recently returned from a six-month tour of the Orient. . . . **Harry Schwartz,** a specialist in Russian affairs, writes for the New York *Times*. . . . **Beverley Bowie,** author of *Operation Bughouse*, is on the staff of *Pathfinder*. . . . Cover by **Lewis Daniels;** photographs from **Black Star;** Herblock cartoons courtesy Washington *Post*.

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

SEPTEMBER 4, 1951

What Ails U.S. Propaganda?

'Selling' techniques, says one well-versed in the subject, are not enough to compete with Soviet political warfare

LEWIS GALANTIERE

THERE IS NO denying it—Moscow is still dictating the terrain on which the propaganda battle is being fought, and Washington is still incapable of taking up any but a defensive position.

The reason is not exactly that we are poor propagandists. In some aspects of propaganda—as picture-paper publishers, radio-show devisers, newscasters—we can, and do, beat the Russians hands down. It would be hard to imagine anything more boring than the overseas programs of the Soviet radio services, anything more repellent than the turgid prose of the pamphlets and periodicals disseminated by the Cominform. What gives the Russians their advantage is that we engage *merely* in propaganda, as if the "selling" of an idea were, like the selling of merchandise, an end in itself, whereas the Russians carry on *political warfare,* an activity in which propaganda is but one element.

What is the objective of United States government propaganda? It is to win belief in the disinterestedness of our motives and the truth of the picture we draw of ourselves. It is to persuade men that they will be happy under democracy and miserable under Communism. It is to display that we are not the warmongers we are said to be, not the economic imperialists we are said to be, not the lynchers of Negroes we are said to be, not the evil capitalists we are said to be.

Propaganda and Grand Policy

Political warfare, obviously, is something different from these negative aims. The aim of political warfare is to obtain world support for a nationally approved foreign policy and for the measures taken, step by step, month by month, to make that policy effective. It does not consist in a succession of uncoordinated arguments defending a succession of unrelated public and private pronouncements and acts. Political warfare requires, first of all, that a nation have a grand policy; secondly, that each measure proposed for the realization of that policy shall be analyzed in the light of what world opinion will probably think of it; and, thirdly, that a plan to influence world opinion in its favor shall form part of the measure adopted. What this amounts to is that the propaganda arm is not to be thought of as the servant of the political arm and the military arm. The propagandist's function must be regarded as equal in importance with the political and military functions at the planning stage; it must be co-ordinated with those functions in the operating stage.

Whether or not this is realized in Washington I have no means of knowing. In practice, what seems to happen is that the propaganda officer trails the others instead of accompanying them. He does not seem to be told in advance what our purpose is when our delegates go into a conference or our troops into an area. He seems to be a kind of public-relations officer, taking his cue from day-to-day press releases and concerning himself not with ultimate purposes but with day-to-day events. Thus, during the long conference of Deputy Foreign Ministers in Paris last

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spring, nobody knew what the United States was after. Our propaganda took no affirmative line; it consisted merely in a string of stuttering explosions of indignation over the hypocrisy and perfidy of the Russians. It performed a negative and unconvincing function.

The same lack of affirmative political warfare appears to be accompanying the ECA's belated announcement that it favors land reform around the world. In Southeast Asia and in countries like Italy, land reform is vital—vital to the survival of those peoples, vital for the repelling of Communist influence. On the record of past performance we may be sure that our propagandists, having reported the ECA announcement, will not return to the subject until they have a fresh "news peg" on which to hang further reference to it. That is, the subject will not be mentioned again unless it comes into the news again. It will not be a matter on which politico-economic action and propaganda action will be co-ordinated, with the Voice of America tearing out part of its existing program to make room for a grand offensive on this advantageous terrain.

And this will not be the fault of the Voice of America. It will not be the fault of ECA. It will be the fault of our makers of high policy—whoever they are—who are not really serious about the serious business of political warfare. If we go at all into a great subject like land reform, we should do so with the conviction that it is not mere intellectual liberalism, but is a program which contains potentialities for winning millions of men over to our side. We should make it the subject of an orchestrated campaign. Its proponents should be able to persuade the toughest Congressmen that it is vital to our interests; that it is actually in the American tradition, from William Penn to the Homestead Acts—that it means, not socialism, but private property for the small man. Our representatives should be instructed to impress upon the interested governments —Quirino's in the Philippines, Syngman Rhee's in Korea, de Gasperi's in Italy, the French and Viet Nam authorities in Indo-China—that land reform is a firm condition of our aid to them. Our economic authority (ECA, in this instance) should be assured that land reform is viewed by our government as something more than a genteel and humane idea, that it is henceforth high policy. The appropriate body at the U.N. should be cut in, for the practical reason that each time an American policy is approved by the U.N. the enemy's charge of "imperialism" becomes harder to sustain. And our propaganda authorities—known for short as the Voice of America—should be prepared with a plan to put over the measure as incontrovertible evidence of American co-operation with the rest of the free world in the interest of the little man everywhere. Nothing less than such thorough co-ordination can ensure success for any of our international purposes.

Another example: A treaty of peace with Japan is about to be signed by fifty nations at San Francisco. The Voice of America will, of course, broadcast reports of the proceedings. The Department of State could win for the Voice an increase of Congressional confidence, and perhaps even the good will of the House Appropriations Committee, if it let it be known discreetly on the Hill that it was planning something more than a job of reporting. The Department is better aware than any of us that it faces a Communist campaign to instill, in Southeast Asia and in India, fear of a "revival of Japanese militarism," this time in support of "American imperialism." It has read Liu Ning-yi's report to the [Communist] World Federation of Trade Unions that the Chinese hope to reawaken anti-Japanese feeling among Asian workers. It has long known that, with the peace, the Cominform would attempt to do in Japan what it did in a number of eastern European countries—form a "popular front" group of leftist parties around the local Communist Party. Have the political doctors of the Department been in consultation with the propaganda doctors about these threats to our international position? Have our propagandists got together with their opposite numbers in the Japanese government on this problem? To do so would clearly be to kill two birds with one stone. First, by displaying to the Tokyo government that we were interested in the good repute, as well as the good conduct, of Japan, we would give that government another card to play against the enemies of the treaty in Japan itself. Secondly, it is possible that the Japanese could give the Department sound advice on the handling of this particular Asian problem. In propaganda, as in everything except the fine arts, two heads are always better than one.

A Message to Russia

A third example: About a year ago twenty-eight Senators proposed that the government address itself directly to the peoples of the Soviet Union in expressions of amity and co-operation. Not long ago a Congressional resolution to that effect was adopted. The President transmitted a personal message in this sense to President Shvernik of the U.S.S.R. Senator Brien McMahon of Connecticut has made a series of ingenious proposals that would dare the Kremlin to reject friendly advances by the American people to the peoples of the Soviet Union.

What is all this? Is it government policy or is it not? Has it been co-ordinated with other policies, fitted into the framework of grand policy? Is it something upon which the Voice of America can erect a campaign that will persuade Aneurin Bevan in Britain, *Le Monde* in France, Nehru in New Delhi that we are not the war-

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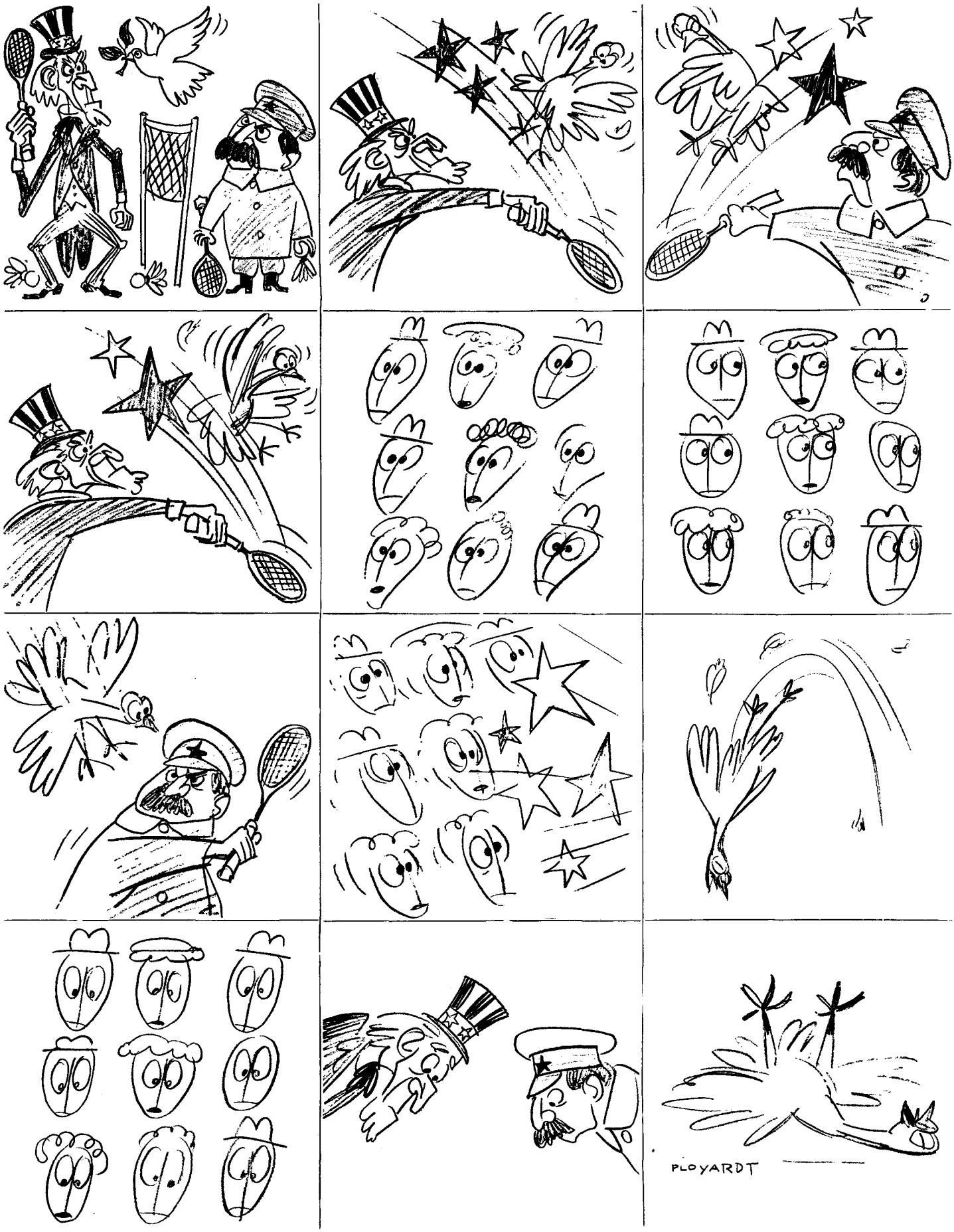

Political warfare—a cartoonist's view

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mongering imperialists they believe us to be? Nobody knows. So far as anybody can guess, it is not serious politics at all—just so many pious wishes with no dynamic force behind them, no real intent to make them mean anything, no notion that a terrain of political warfare exists on which these expressions of national sentiment can be used to bombard the enemy's positions. The President and the Senate have good-naturedly yielded to a whim of Senator McMahon's—that is what it comes to. For all the effect they have had, these pronouncements of the President and Senate of the United States might as readily have come from the Chillicothe Chowder and Marching Club.

How does it happen that the world can remain unimpressed by peace pleas made by the President and Senate of the United States and can go on for months and months being impressed with the enemy's Stockholm declaration and the Picasso peace dove? The answer is that we do not practice political warfare. We leave that to the Russians. And they, at this moment, are engaged in fighting a political-warfare campaign virtually without opposition from us.

The Plan That Failed

For about two years past we in America have been asking ourselves why the Russians were "allowing" us to enjoy the advantage of a breathing space in which to rebuild our military strength. I do not know the explanation, but I assume that it will be found in the Russian inability to match our atomic resources and equipment. Needing time themselves to build a great atomic stockpile but meanwhile casting about for means to deny us the advantage that time lent us, they conceived a bold and not particularly costly plan: They set the North Koreans on the South Koreans. If we declined the challenge, East Asia would fall into their hands. If we accepted it, our limited military forces would be engaged in a distant and problematically profitable adventure. Everybody on their side (including the western European "neutralists") would believe Radio Moscow when it proclaimed that Washington was setting the South Koreans on the North Koreans—or was at least intervening for imperialistic purposes in a Korean civil war. And if the Chinese Communists were thrown into the fight, the result might be defeat and total loss of face for the Americans. A brilliant gamble.

As things turned out, the results were quite different. The Chinese suffered some 700,000 casualties, said to be one-third of their organized force, and cried "Uncle!" The Communist campaign in Indo-China met with serious reverses. Except China itself, East Asia has been preserved for the anti-Soviet world. Thailand is still anti-Communist and so is Burma; Malaya has not fallen to the enemy; the Indonesian Government has not been put in the position of having to appease the Communists; Pandit Nehru does not need to go in the guise of a suppliant to Moscow, as he would have done without our intervention in Korea. Much more than this, the Korean adventure acted as a lesser Pearl Harbor to stir the American people to action and to prod the western Europeans into more than a semblance of mobilization. Korea is not a stalemate, it is a resounding political defeat for Moscow.

These are facts to which the Kremlin has not been blind. Time, they have seen, is still on our side, more than ever on our side. Months ago they saw that a truce in Korea and a conciliatory attitude to the West would undermine the American will to mobilize and would reinvigorate western European opposition to mobilization. And since they know how to carry on political warfare, they set about their task.

On February 17 of this year, *Pravda* published an "interview" with Stalin in which the great man demonstrated that "war cannot be considered inevitable" because the Kremlin is engaged upon works of peace.

On February 25, an exchange of "peace" notes between London and Moscow culminated in a plea by Gromyko for better relations between the two nations.

On May 16, *Trud* printed a long article advocating friendly relations between the Soviet Union and the West, signed "Marinin." This is the collective pseudonym used, when the Kremlin so orders, by a number of onetime professional friends of western civilization—Maisky, sometime ambassador to London, Troyanovsky, sometime ambassador to Washington, and Litvinov, sometime Foreign Minister and husband of the English lady who, in the 1930's, made a specialty of winning western female intellectuals to the Soviet cause.

On June 23, Malik threw out his suggestion of a Korean truce.

On July 14, *Trud* (again) brought out the first number of an English-language magazine, *News,* subtitled "A Fortnightly Searchlight on World Events." Here the editors and their contributors protested that they could "conceive no rational excuse for the highly strained relations" between Moscow and the West, saw "no serious grounds for a clash between the national interests of the Soviet Union and those of Britain or the United States," and were "moved by their earnest desire to promote . . . closer understanding between the peoples of the Soviet Union and the Anglo-Saxon [*sic*] world." In their second number, the editors of *News* offered to give space to American journalists "for expression of ideas designed to promote friendly relations between our country and America."

The Orchestrated Campaign

Here is evidence—and there is more which I have not space to cite—of an orchestrated campaign. This is not a routine propaganda operation performed outside the framework of high policy. This is not Quaker pacifism or humanitarian liberalism. It has a purpose, and the purpose is not peace for the sake of peace. The purpose is the furtherance of the interest of the Soviet Union and its Cominform. The Kremlin saw that it had a dangerous situation to face, and it mobilized its resources to face it.

The Kremlin is out to stop and if possible reverse western mobilization. It is out to defeat Eisenhower without firing a shot. In this it has a number

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of powerful allies. In our own country, they include Mr. Congressman Coudert, who would curtail the powers of the Commander in Chief of the United States forces; other members of the Opposition who seek to "economize" by cutting down subsidies to our allies; and the political apathy of an American public with too much money in its pockets. In Europe the allies of Moscow are, first, the "pro-American" French and Italian employers who pocket our Marshall Plan aid and treat their workers so shabbily that five million Frenchmen and six million Italians can still vote Communist in 1951; and secondly, the socialists and social planners who preach that rearmament means the sacrifice of social gains on the altar of an American military adventure.

The Russians calculate that if Representative Coudert and his friends can stymie American preparedness and American military subsidies to western Europe and if the neutralists can sabotage European preparedness, we shall lose time and they will gain time. We shall not obtain for Eisenhower the men and equipment he cannot do without, and they will go on building their atomic stockpile and training the armies they have recruited in the so-called satellite states. As I write, President Shvernik has replied to President Truman—not as a man profoundly disturbed by the thought of the catastrophe that world war would bring, but as a dickering diplomat, repeating a proposal for a five-power disarmament conference made by Vishinsky before the U.N. in 1949.

They Have Shown Us the Way

I admire that. Moscow knows its business. When it reads in Anne O'Hare McCormick's column in the New York *Times* that "It is inconceivable that the American people are childish enough to waver as the wind from Moscow blows hot or cold," it knows she is whistling in the dark, that she is afraid of the American tendency to put one's private interest before the national interest until the very day war is declared—and Moscow seizes upon this advantage. When Moscow hears that Aneurin Bevan has thrown a real scare into the British Cabinet and has infused new strength into the anti-American and pacifist spirit of the London *New Statesman and Nation*, Moscow knows what to do about it in its interest. Moscow has a policy. It is as valid today as when it was enunciated by Stalin before the Fifteenth Party Congress on December 2, 1927:

"We cannot forget the saying of Lenin to the effect that a great deal in the matter of our construction depends on whether we succeed in delaying war with the capitalist countries, which is inevitable but which may be delayed either until proletarian revolution ripens in Europe or until colonial revolutions come fully to a head, or finally, until the capitalists fight among themselves over the division of the colonies. Therefore, the maintenance of peaceful relations with capitalist countries is an obligatory task for us. The basis of our relations with capitalist countries consists in admitting the co-existence of two opposed systems."

Fertilize the proletarian revolution so that it will ripen in Europe; see that colonial revolution comes fully to a head; induce the capitalists to fight among themselves; but don't go to war until it looks as if you can win. Now, twenty-four years later, only two items need be added: Use your satellite peoples as your armies, and hasten your atomic equipment.

The current "co-existence" campaign is intended to induce the capitalists "to fight among themselves," that is, to stymie our rearmament. Against this purposefulness, we leave our defense to scribblers of press releases and writers of newscasts.

Psychology of Price

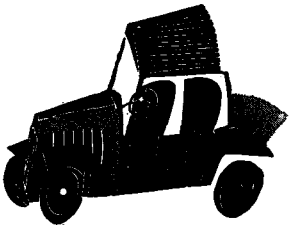
Emotion, not economics, has governed the U.S. cost of living since Korea

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

THE ECONOMIST slapped a hand over the small graph he had been studying and looked up. "I don't know what's got into the American people," he said. "They just don't react the right way any more."

He was exasperated, even a little bit angry. And so were his clients. For more than a year now, his economic advice to them and his predictions had been something less than invaluable.

"Two times in the last year," he explained, "the people went out, bought their heads off, and created inflation when there was absolutely no sound economic reason for it. Military production was just tooling up. It hadn't even put a dent in civilian supplies yet.



"But now, when the defense needs *are* cutting more and more into consumer-goods production, the people sit back and save their money. There's a better reason for inflation every day. But what have we got? A price lull that not even the President's Council of Economic Advisers wants to predict the depth or end of!"

Economists all over Washington, both in and out of Government, could commiserate. Few felt quite so bitter, but there was general agreement that predicting price trends since the Korean invasion has been more a matter

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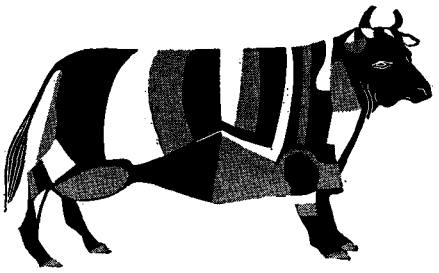


for the student of mass psychology than for the economist.

Mass emotion was the primary factor in the first inflationary wave last July and August, immediately after the start of war in Korea. First fearing quick shortages and then trying to beat the next price rise, both individuals and businesses bought heavily. When the shortages didn't appear, and when the news from Korea and Lake Success improved, the market leveled off. The Truman Administration, knowing military production wouldn't take any real slice from the economy for a year or more, decided the scare was over, and therefore dropped any plans for immediate controls.

But then the Chinese Communists intervened, and exactly the same emotions created a second inflationary wave, a wave that lasted from November until early this year, when the Administration, though unprepared, could withhold price controls no longer.

The January price freeze, coupled with the new successes of the U.N. army in Korea and the Malik peace proposal which followed, in turn fostered other emotions. Many felt economic controls automatically removed the need of buying to beat future price rises. Many more had already stocked up to their own satisfaction, or had exhausted their funds in attempting to do so. They quit buying. Consumers bought about $1.3 billion less in the second quarter of 1951 than they had bought in the first quarter, even though their total income increased by about $1.5 billion. With taxes only slightly higher, they simply saved $2.8 billion more than they had in January, February, and March—in other words, twice as much.

The Economist's TV

Unfortunately, businesses had placed orders at a rate close to their sales during the buying waves, and manufacturers accordingly produced at that rate. When consumers cut back their purchases, inventories went on building up willy-nilly.

Inventories are expensive to carry. They also become more and more difficult to dispose of as new models come out. Therefore, retailers instituted large selling campaigns, and prices of off-brand merchandise fell quickly. "I was fooled just like everybody else," another economist told me. "I bought a television set in January and now I could get the same set almost a hundred dollars cheaper." He admitted that television was a somewhat special case, but added that many other major commodities are presently selling well below January levels.

To the pleasure of consumers, the price lull has now lasted for several months. In some sections of the country, it is even being called a "recession." Whatever it is, Government economists wish it would end. They claim that the people are "living in a fool's paradise," that the longer the present lull continues, the more violent and sudden the coming inflationary pressure will be.

That there will be powerful inflationary pressure seems certain, more certain than most of Washington's thrice-burnt economists are willing to say. And when it comes, it will be based on the simple rules of supply and demand. Mass emotion will just serve to intensify it.

Mobilization Director Charles E. Wilson has indicated this, in one way, in his Second Quarterly Report to the President. Wilson says the United States is now producing at a higher rate than its Second World War peak. Since the Korean invasion, the gross national product has jumped $28 billion a year, or from $301 billion to $329 billion. In the same period, the military has increased its take by only $12 billion a year, leaving a balance of $16 billion more for civilians than was available fourteen months ago.

Wilson predicts the national product will increase another $20 billion a year by June, 1952. But deliveries to the military will increase $30 billion a year. Thus, where civilians today are getting $16 billion a year more from the national product, by next June they will be getting $10 billion a year less. And by next June, they will be earning $15 to $20 billion more than they are now, according to the President's Economic Advisers. Not even half of that amount is expected to be sopped up by higher taxes.

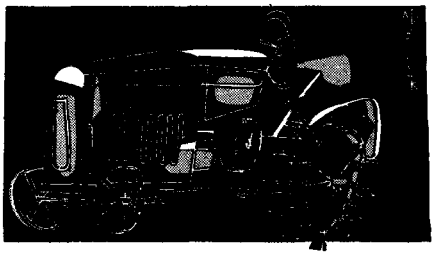
Of all these figures, perhaps the most vital is the $30 billion-a-year increase in deliveries to the military. It is on these deliveries that the Government pays off, thereby putting money into circulation. If civilians were to cause the same $30 billion-a-year increase in purchases, and therefore the same upward pressure on prices, they would have to buy twice as many cars as they did in 1950, five times as many refrigerators, five times as many radio sets, five times as many washing machines, five times as many vacuum cleaners, and five times as many television sets. In addition, they would have to build half again as many urban homes.

The Big Bite

The comparison may be slightly inaccurate. The Department of Commerce claims its figures on the average prices of refrigerators and radios are "classified material," so the averages had to be obtained by a random check of retailers. Also, it must be admitted, civilians would spend their increased $30 billion on a far wider range of objects than those listed above. The choice was deliberate, however, since the vast majority of defense deliveries involve the same areas of production.

The most crucial defense production needs are for those same raw materials which go into the production of consumer durable goods. The record production of household appliances in 1950 and in early 1951 has helped keep inventories at high levels. But already the retail outlets of one "name" washing machine are under a strict allotment system imposed by the manufacturer. And production of all appliances is falling steadily, according to Wilson's second report: "Production of refrigerators and washers, for example, is estimated to have fallen fifteen to twenty per cent below the level of a year ago.

"In the case of steel," Wilson's re-



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port states, "manufacturers of consumer durable goods other than automobiles are limited to seventy per cent of their consumption during the first two quarters of 1950. Consumers of aluminum are being held, in general, to fifty per cent of their non-defense consumption during the same period. The copper allowance is sixty per cent." Toward the end of the year, Wilson concludes, "Supplies of consumer durable goods will begin to diminish noticeably."

Unless consumers get over their present complacency before then, say economists, the price panic will be swift and devastating. As proved in the last war, inventories can vanish in a week or even less. Whether the watered-down price-control law would be able to contain such pressure is a moot question.

Cost of Cars

Automobile production has been limited by a special order, under which about sixty-five cars are now coming off assembly lines for every hundred last year at this time. This is far short of prospective demand, even though new car prices so far have slid along in the general lull. Griffith Johnson, aide to Economic Stabilization Administrator Eric Johnston, says the shortage of new cars will be felt far in advance of the home-appliance shortage. "Sure, car prices are just drifting along like everything else," he admits. "But why do you think Ford and Chrysler are coming in now for ten per cent increases? They know perfectly well that if they can't use the increase today, they'll be able to use it easily in a month or two. General Motors could probably get away with ten per cent right now."

Johnson's attitude toward the coming inflationary wave is best shown in his estimate of what will happen to food prices in the next year. Despite a near-record agricultural production predicted for this fall, Johnson says he'd "settle now for holding food prices right where they are."

Many others feel the same. Food processing and handling costs will be up even if farm prices do fall slightly. And farm prices generally account for less than half of the consumer's food dollar. For instance, if wheat were given away, the price of bread would drop less than two cents a loaf.

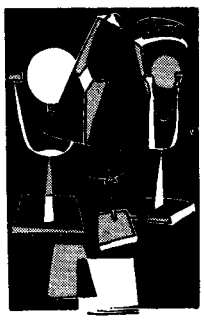
Adding to the supply-and-demand factors of the next inflationary wave will be the Capehart Amendment to the price control law, which forces the Office of Price Stabilization to raise individual price ceilings to offset all increases in a manufacturer's costs up to last July 26. Ford and Chrysler have based their requests for ten per cent price increases on this, and others will be using it in the future—how many no one will know until inflation returns, but reportedly Big Steel is going to be next.

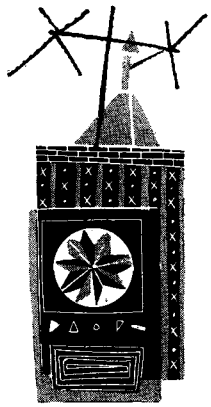
At present, the total ramifications of the Capehart Amendment can only be guessed at, although all agree it will mean at best a higher level of economic stabilization. Prices only push up to higher ceilings when demand becomes heavy enough. When inflation hits, the ceilings tend to become floors. But in the present price lull, the Capehart Amendment has had little opportunity to earn the reputation it may acquire at a later date.

Of course, the amendment's effect depends, as does the anticipated inflationary pressure itself, on the maintenance of present defense production plans. If an economy-minded Congress should decide to slow down the mobilization effort, some have argued, prices might remain near present levels indefinitely.

Such a slow-down seems highly unlikely, however. When the new $56 billion military appropriations bill passed the House in August, only two Congressmen voted against it. They were Democrat Fred Marshall of Minnesota and Republican Howard H. Buffett of Nebraska—a "bipartisan coalition," but hardly an effective one.

What most of those suggesting a possible slow-down of defense production plans seem to forget is that the Republican party would have to initiate any "economy" program. It would be extremely difficult for those who have fully supported General MacArthur





and who have so frequently cried "appeasement" in recent weeks to reverse their position suddenly and come out for letting up on our present rearmament program.

Defense production will continue, if not at the present rate, then at a higher one. And inflationary pressure will come, if not like a lamb, then like a lion. The only question is: When? Many economists are trying now to apply what they know of mass pscyhology. It may not be sound economic theory, but several have privately predicted that the boom will come when the first general shortage in the first major commodity becomes known to the public. If Johnson's estimate of the automobile situation this fall is correct, it may come then.

A New Villain?

The politically minded members of the Administration can't help but feel a slight twinge of pleasure in anticipating such a buying spree. Coming, as it probably will, within twelve months of the 1952 elections, its results will provide a fine campaign issue. The Republicans, who forced the authority for price controls on President Truman a year ago, after he said he wanted no such authority, have forfeited an enviable political position. Truman Democrats can now say that they tried to stop inflation—indeed, had it stopped in the summer of 1951—but that the Republicans of the Eighty-second Congress so crippled the Administration's powers by amendments to the price-control law that stabilization became impossible.

There are a lot of housewives in this nation, and Dean Acheson may be less of a villain in November, 1952, than Homer Capehart and his Republican friends in Congress.

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Air Force vs. Army

The two, carrying on their feud from a misty past, can't agree about the uses and methods of tactical planes

JOHN B. SPORE

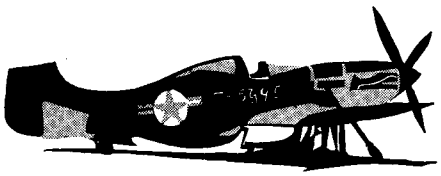
IN ALL THE present-day criticism of the armed services, only the Air Force has regularly been taken to task for its operational tactics. Loud political voices have accused the Joint Chiefs of Staff of inadequate strategy. The Army and Navy are regularly assailed for their wasteful personnel policies, laggardness in developing new weapons, and failure to make full use of the contributions of science, but their performances in action are rarely criticized, even in the service journals.

One reason the Air Force finds its operational methods questioned by soldiers, sailors, and civilians is that, despite its vast experience in the Second World War, it is still long on theory and short on practice.

A Washingtonian in close touch with Headquarters, USAF, in the Pentagon, recently told me: "The Air Force is the only institution I know of that was born with hardened doctrinal arteries.

"Its parents were the theories of warfare created by Mitchell, Douhet, and de Seversky, and they sent their fledgling out on its own before their theories were mature. Air Force doctrines may be generally valid, but what are we to make of the fact that after almost four years of all-out war and six years of armed peace they haven't been altered in any significant detail?"

In general, Air Force literature —the Air University's unclassified *Quarterly Review* is a notable example —is an incomprehensible mixture of geopolitical and philosophical mutterings, expressed in a combination of government gobbledegook, mathematical jargon, and the cant of learned professions. It can perhaps be understood when read under oxygen at twenty thousand feet, but the meaning is not retained when the reader comes back to earth. Too much of it is self-justification and not enough is simple exposition of air tactics.



Close Support in Korea

The current dispute over the quantity and quality of the close Air Force support rendered the Eighth Army in Korea points up this shortcoming. It is commonly asserted that the Marine Corps system is very different from and far superior to that of the Air Force. But if you examine both you find that the only difference is in emphasis.

Here we must recognize the Marine Corps for what it is: a specialized outfit with its own specialized aviation. Marine aviation is responsible principally for helping Marine ground units. Marine fliers can, therefore, put their main emphasis on giving close air support to Marine infantrymen. Given a choice between striking an enemy mortar and a troop train advancing toward the front fifteen or fifty miles away, Marine aviation will hit the mortar.

Air Force policy is generally counter to this. Close support is only one of three jobs for tactical aircraft in the Air Force's book. Why, airmen say in effect, pit yourself against the sharp battle-honed spear of the enemy when by reaching around you can cut off that spear at the shaft? Why ask air power to knock out a hard-to-see mortar that is causing infantry casualties when, if properly used, air power could knock out mortars and crews long before they reached the battlefield?

This the Air Force calls interdiction —the denial to the enemy of the ability to move weapons, ammunition, and reinforcements to the battlefield. Interdiction is the second mission of tactical air power; the first is achieving air superiority—knocking out the enemy's air power to let our planes roam over his territory freely and to relieve our armies from air attacks.

The area of interdiction ranges from the front lines to the furthermost range of the aircraft over enemy territory. The principal targets are bridges, freight yards, supply dumps, and enemy columns and trains.

Intermittent Interdiction

Certainly interdiction makes sense. But its success in Korea has not been spectacular. The enemy has been able to make his build-ups and launch attack after attack. To say that he has moved mostly by night or during unflyable weather is to beg the question. If interdiction were the final answer—and the Air Force doesn't say it is—it would have to stop all movement, whether in daylight or darkness, in sunny weather or in fog, rain, or snow.

While Air Force doctrines hold that gaining air superiority, flying interdiction missions, and performing close support should be accomplished simultaneously and that the specific mission of each sortie by a plane depends upon the conditions existing at the moment, it is commonly believed in the Army that close support has definitely third priority in practice and that the Air Force engages in it reluctantly.

An infantry lieutenant in Korea put it this way:

"Our tactical air arm should spend a few months with the Marines. I don't know what causes the difference, but it is there. The Marine pilots give us the feeling that they are breaking their hearts to help us and are as much in

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this show as we are. Air Force fighters seem to just drop in because there is no place else to go."

A Marine lieutenant colonel dealt with the matter thus in the *Combat Forces Journal:*

"In the Fleet Marine Force [when Marine pilots fly] close support for their ground classmates it [isn't] a couple of radio call-signs patching up a marriage of convenience. No, it will be George in the air winging down on a target that's holding up his buddy, Henry, on the ground . . .

". . . if the Army wants good tactical air support in 1951, it had better find a system, not just for training it, but for *breeding* it . . ."

There are Army officers who believe that continuing efforts by both the Army and Air Force to explain and educate their soldiers and airmen in each other's problems will eventually smooth over present differences. Joint air-ground teams are visiting every U.S. Army unit all over the world to demonstrate tactical air-support methods. In addition the Air Force operates an Air-Ground Operations School at Pope Field, North Carolina, while at nearby Fort Bragg the Army runs an Army Air Support Center.

Also, a joint Army-Navy-Air Force Air Support Center is being established at the direction of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. This center will not only train soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines but will also seek to improve the methods now in use. The latter should turn out to be an important phase of the work, for at present it is not an easy task for a flier to spot a precise position on the ground and hit it with bombs, rockets, or machine-gun fire. And the system used for directing him to the target hardly simplifies the job.

Winged Artillery

The heart of the present system is a Joint Operations Center in which Army and Air Force officers work side by side. In Korea, the JOC is run by the Fifth Air Force, hard by the headquarters of the Eighth Army. The JOC is in contact with every division and regiment through tactical air-control officers. These officers are pilots, assigned temporarily—usually for twenty-one days—to ground duty. A tactical air-control officer usually works with the operations officer of the regiment, although he may get up as far as

battalion, or even closer to the front lines on occasion. Requests for air strikes in his sector come to him from the ground commander. He may then ask the division air controller to ask JOC for aircraft, or perhaps JOC has already assigned him aircraft which are overhead awaiting orders. In either event, the air-control officer gives the pilot his orders by radio.

Soldiers ask why battalion or regimental commanders cannot request their own air support. After all, they say, this kind of air power is simply artillery on wings instead of wheels. One quick answer is that artillery fire is usually directed by forward observers who remain up with the infantry and call back their information to an artillery fire-direction center, where a trained artilleryman will decide whether he can furnish the requested fire at that moment or whether another target in his area is more promising or vital. Another answer is that Marine aviation, which these soldiers usually ardently admire, believes as strongly as the Air Force that only pilots should give orders to pilots.

When soldiers argue that there should be a closer relationship between the airman and the rifleman, they are on sounder ground. Colonel W. W. Ford, an artilleryman and one of the Army's pioneers in the use of light observation planes, is a staunch advocate of the Army's having its own close-support aviation, just as it has its own light planes for artillery observation. "For more than twenty years," he wrote recently, "we tried to provide air observation [for artillery] by non-organic units. It never worked. In 1942 air observation was made organic to the artillery and there has been no further trouble."

Colonel Ford has a good point, but furnishing close-support aviation for an army of global-war size is something else again.

The Marine Corps tries to organize one aviation wing for every Marine ground division, a ratio that most Army officers consider excessive. If such a ratio had been used by the Army during the Second World War, the Army Air Forces would have not had enough organized fighter units to man all the wings required by the Army, let alone having any left for escorting bombers, interception, and air defense.

The correct ratio of tactical air to ground combat units will obviously never be decided on such a basis, since tactical air units can and do perform many tasks besides close air support. Even the Marine one-to-one ratio is a phony, since the Marines do not permanently assign an aviation wing to each division. They agree that such an allotment wastes the airplane's most notable asset: mobility.

The origins of the misunderstandings that exist between the Army and Air Force are so deep in the misty past that they are neither well understood or easy to resolve. Fortunately, two men of moderation accomplished wonders during the Second World War. General George C. Marshall and General Henry Arnold both went to great lengths to create an effective air-ground team. During this period the Army Air Forces achieved near autonomy because of the evolution of air power, principally that of the long-range heavy bomber. If the evolution proved Billy Mitchell a correct prophet, it also proved him a man whose lack of moderation made it impossible for Marshall and Arnold to go as far as

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they would have liked in some cases and forced them to go too far in others.

That is the only way to explain the provisions in the Army Air Forces' "Declaration of Independence"—Field Manual 100-20, published in 1943—which declared that "land power and air power are coequal and interdependent forces; neither is an auxiliary of the other."

'Co-ordination' vs. 'Support'

This declaration had real meaning in describing the place and mission of the strategic air force, but it applied to all the Army Air Forces. Had the Mitchell episode not occurred it might have been possible to consider the role of tactical air groups more realistically. In that event Field Manual 100-20 would have never had to forbid the use of the term "air support" and substitute for it "air-ground co-ordination and co-operation." The lack of unity of command implied in that phrase affects no other combination of arms. When the Army and Navy join in an amphibious operation, the Navy commander is in command until the troops are ashore. Artillery does not co-ordinate and co-operate with infantry; it supports infantry, and is immensely proud to. Indeed, when anti-aircraft artillery is assigned to the defense of an air base, the Air Force commander is in command of all the air defenses, including the artillery.

The differences between the Army and Air Force over the use of tactical aviation involve problems of command, operational techniques, and service *esprit*. They present the kind of problem, in short, that military men are accustomed to meeting and solving. But no easy solution or adamant military order or regulation will do.

It is difficult to believe that a Congressional investigation would accomplish much. The 1949 investigation of the Air Force B-36 bomber program and strategic-bombardment theories involved more than a technical question of how services should get together on a joint military operation. Then the condition was aggravated by misguided individuals of one service who had resorted to furtive charges of corruption and wrongdoing against another service. Today no such shenanigans have started—as yet.

Another Public Squabble?

Sooner or later Congress will certainly get into a discussion of whether the Air Force should be substantially increased in size. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts is beating the drums for 150 groups—an increase of forty-five over the number presently authorized. If that or a similar proposal gets to the House Armed Services Committee, fur may fly. Appropriations are involved, and the division of the defense dollar among the services is still a delicate subject. If, by that time, the present debate over tactical air power is not settled, it may well be one of the gambits used for or against a larger Air Force.

That could be unfortunate. For as long as the question remains a strictly technical one, the tactical air-power debate can be solved without public furor or riling of service feelings.

The Cost of Liberation

Mutilated by war, South Korea will need economic reform as well as rehabilitation to become a going nation

RUSSELL BRINES

I SAW the old man as he shuffled from the ruin of his home in Inchon only a few hours after the Marines had made their landing in September, 1950. Small-arms fire still sputtered in the distance as the old Korean came out of one of a long, sad row of identical dirt-floored clay hovels on a street near the waterfront. An American naval shell had ripped through it during the pre-invasion bombardment, leaving the wreckage of one family's belongings and the smell of death.

When he recognized my war correspondent's uniform, the old man smiled, which seemed only to twist his wrinkled face into deeper sadness.

"Oh, thank you for coming back," he said. "Thank you."

He was talking to me as a symbol of the United Nations fighting force, not as a single correspondent. It was some time before he told me that his two grandchildren had disappeared into the town just before the big guns of allied warcraft had begun to pound it.

The guns had blasted the town almost endlessly for six days. For all that time, the old man and his wife had sat in the shadows of their home.

"What do you think of the men who did this to you?" I asked.

He looked at me incredulously. "But you had to do it."

"And why did you stay here instead of leaving with the Communists?"

"Because this is my home," he said simply.

"And all this is worth it?" I pointed

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to the dust, splinters, and death that had been his home.

"Anything is better than living under the Communists."

The old man said good-by and turned back to the remains of his hovel.

Why They Stay

His is the story of tens of thousands of South Koreans. Most of them have fled from the Communists throughout this bitter war. Many thousands who had at one time or another lived under Red rule, as had the old man, did anything they could to escape a second spell under the conquerors.

More than a quarter of a million people remained in Seoul when the Communists captured the capital in the first ten days of the war. After the first allied reconquest the population quickly exceeded one million. When the Communists approached again, long lines of refugees crept southward, and when they retook the city, it was almost empty.

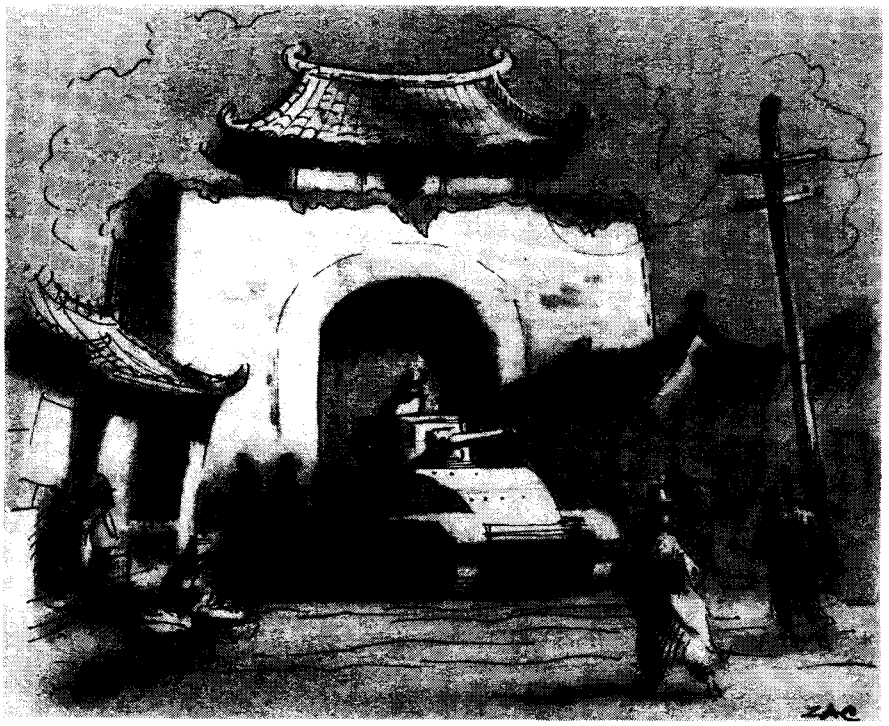
When the weary, frozen Marines and soldiers of the U.S. X Corps were evacuated from Hungnam in December, one packed shipload of Koreans—North Koreans—went with them. The commanding admiral remarked later: "If I had had the ships, I could have taken out all the civilians in North Korea."

I have asked scores of Koreans why they suffered so much to escape Communist rule—dazed men and women tramping the dusty highways, in crowded, verminous refugee centers, and amid the battered center of Seoul. Some said it was because they were democrats, which is not true. Many said they feared the brutality of the Communists. Nearly all said they wanted to be free.

The Choice

The war has shown what happens when Koreans have some method of expressing a choice between governmental systems. The Koreans were not necessarily choosing democracy, which they do not yet know. They were voting against the totalitarian excesses of practical Communism and for their own conception of freedom.

The South Koreans, like their brothers in the north, have thirsted for independence since the end of the Pacific war with an intensity that is frequently alarming and often dangerous. It springs almost entirely from bitter experience with prolonged and cruel Japanese occupation and, behind it, a long history of vassalage and invasion, to which geography has made Korea particularly vulnerable.



The quest for independence stirred the South Koreans into frequent outbursts of enmity during the first American occupation of the country, immediately after V.-J. Day. A G.I. could not be seen with a Korean girl, lest both be badly beaten by patriotic toughs. Government officials complained, with some justification, that the American authorities knew little about their country. They then began to demand ceaselessly that the Americans withdraw—leaving some money, of course.

A Korean editor voiced the prevailing view to me some years ago in Seoul. "The Americans must get out and leave us, as the Russians are preparing to do," he said.

"But," I replied, "the Russians are leaving a powerful puppet army. What will happen then?"

"Oh, there will be civil war," he answered. "But we must have it and then unify the country."

Korean clamor, although not the decisive factor, contributed to the final decision to remove all American troops except a small mission. One year later, the Communists struck.

When they were attacked, the South Koreans immediately turned to the United States for help. Without it, there is little doubt that the Communists would have quickly captured the whole peninsula. The majority of people might have submitted at once, as did most North Koreans, with the fatalism that is both a strength and a weakness in the Orient. Scattered resistance would probably have broken out, but the Communists could easily have consolidated control. From Korea, the Communists could have begun to put pressure on Japan, a higher-priority target.

The South Koreans are genuinely grateful for allied assistance. Even now an American cannot walk alongside the columns of stooped, tattered refugees without having one of them grasp his hand and say, "Oh, thank you, thank you." And it is rare indeed for a village occupied by the allies to be without the familiar sign: "Well Come U.N. Troops."

Young Korea

Thousands of sad-eyed children drift along the allied battle lines. They have stumbled through shellfire into forward foxholes; they have been found, in frozen fright, alongside the bodies of parents killed on highways; they have been flushed out of battered buildings and rice paddies. Nearly every unit has

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a mascot, an energetic youngster in cut-down G.I. clothes, fattening at the mess hall. One American sergeant collected funds to maintain an orphanage. A chaplain started a children's camp on an island off South Korea. A cruiser crew "adopted" forty starving boys and girls who had been forgotten after taking refuge offshore on a small island.

But Korean friendship is often strangely inconsistent. Gratitude for the military aid which has saved their country does not prevent South Koreans from trying to steal every piece of movable equipment. Thousands of tons of imported foodstuffs, mostly from the United States, have kept the pitiful refugees alive, and U.N. workers have saved thousands of lives by prompt public-health measures, but penicillin and other medicines as well as canned food show up regularly on the black market, which flourishes openly.

There is perhaps less venality in the South Korean government than in that of the Philippines. But the war has not prevented Korean government officials from attempting to strengthen and perpetuate their own power through a peculiar sort of socialistic state. It is a socialism that originates less from public need than from political profit. As far as I know, the government has begun no important long-range planning to provide, with rehabilitation, some of the improvements, such as land reform, which may be necessary to prevent disastrous unrest. The war has increased, rather than diminished, police surveillance and the tendency toward other forms of autocratic control that always have been present in independent Korea. The Korean officials involved were visibly surprised by the western outcry against the summary execution of actual or suspected Communist spies, which has occurred frequently. This is a traditional Korean practice, long antedating its more widespread use by the Communists.

The Cry for Unification

The government has found it politically expedient to continue insisting upon a unified Korea, even after that program had been eliminated from immediate United Nations aims. Just before the Kaesong truce talks began, President Rhee announced that his country would not agree to a settlement that retained the 38th parallel or a similar dividing line. His position was reinforced by the public demonstrations of a major patriotic organization.

Before he stopped discussing the matter publicly, doubtless upon American suggestion, Rhee brought into the open a consistent South Korean belief that a major goal of the war was to take over the north. For one thing, the Republican Koreans felt, with some justification, that they could never be safe nor could their country be self-sustaining while it remained divided. But the southerners long had considered unification of the country, by force if necessary, as their mission. Rhee and his Cabinet Ministers had so often threatened an invasion of their own before the war that American military policy was to limit their army to defensive weapons—one reason why the South Koreans were so ill-prepared to meet the assault in June, 1950.

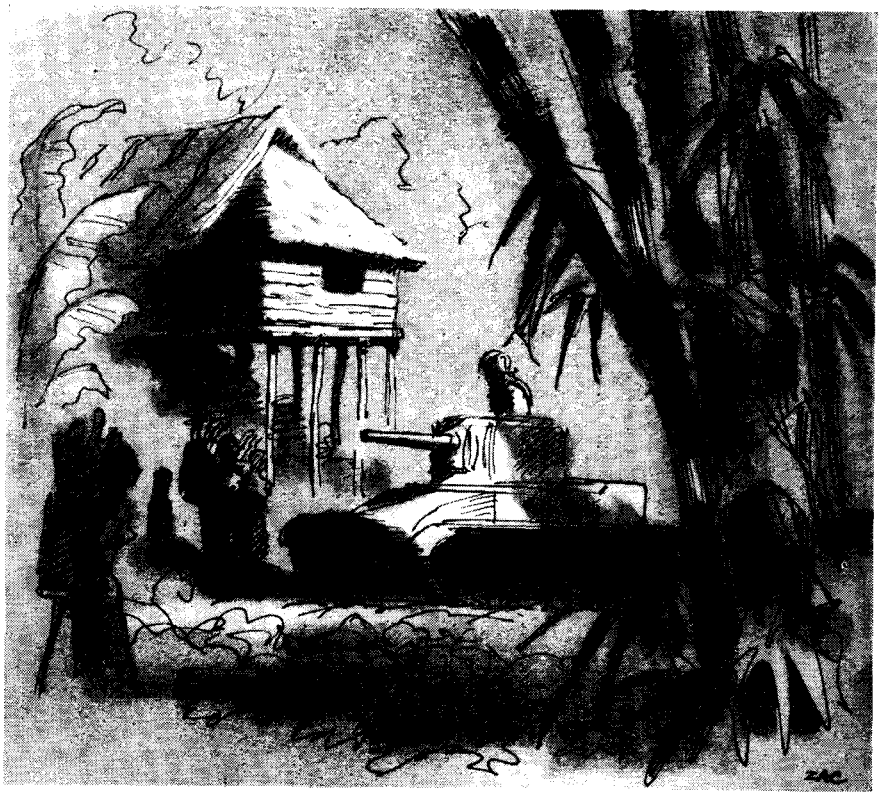
Even in the depths of their misery, many South Koreans told me: "We must fight until we have occupied North Korea. We don't care how long it takes. We do not intend to give up."

When American troops occupied Pyongyang, President Rhee had to be restrained from moving his government north to take control. Even so, he flew to the North Korean capital one day to make a speech to the people he expected to govern. And he was met at the airport by most of the top South Korean generals, who for the day deserted war to build their political fences.

The question of subdivision is a major and explosive problem within the unhappy peninsula. The Americans were blamed for it, bitterly and openly, before the war. They might be blamed again. The eventual need for eliminating such an artificial boundary as the 38th parallel appears to be generally recognized. The question is: How can it be done?

The Ruins

The broken, bleeding country itself is spawning momentous problems which will remain long after gunfire ceases. War has left a vast, ugly scar of devastation. No important city, except Taegu and Pusan in the south, has escaped it. Scores of straw villages have disintegrated into heaps of ashes and jagged bits of masonry. Nearly every family in a combined popula-



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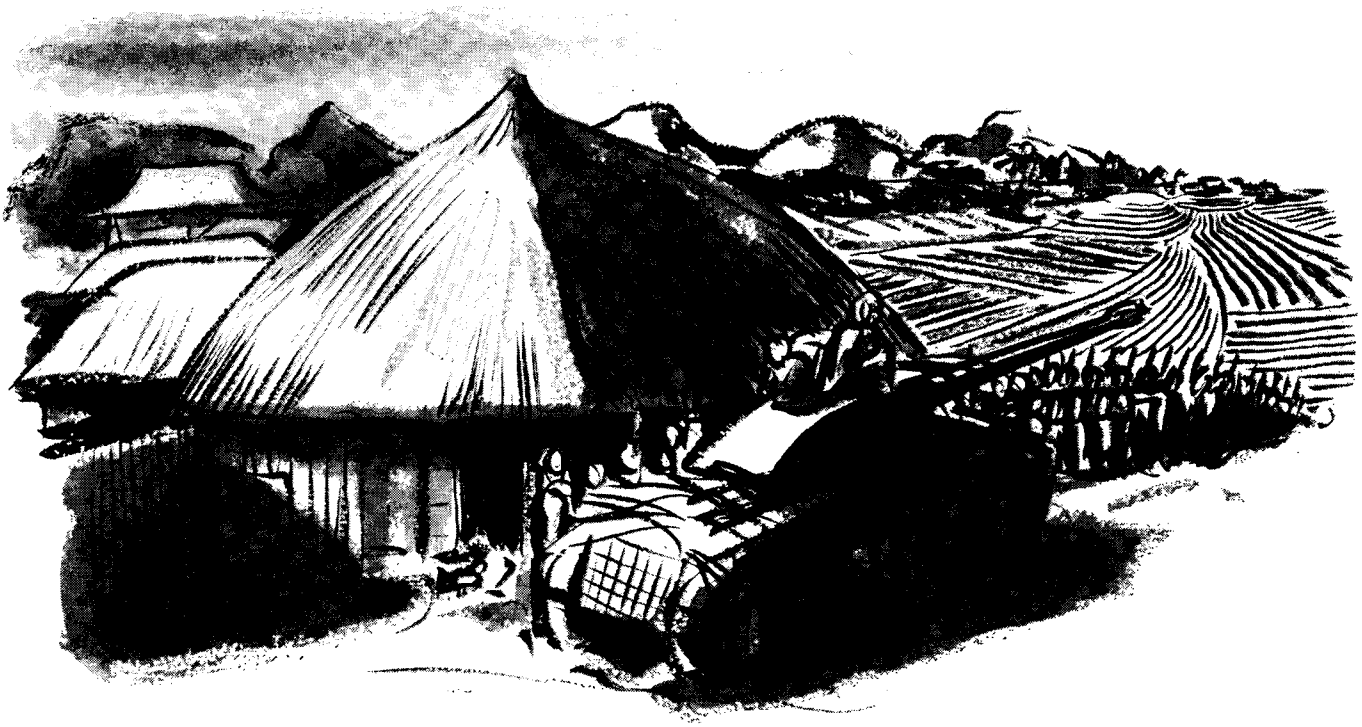

tion of twenty-nine million has felt the impact of battle in one form or another.

The fighting swirled along virtually every road in the heart of the peninsula, across the three hundred-odd miles from the old Pusan perimeter to the Chongchon River in the north. Most of the homes and buildings standing in the pathway of combat were involved; from the farmer's house, burned to eliminate a sniper's sanctuary, to schoolhouses from which enemy troops were flushed by aerial gunfire. War destruction seldom has been total, but in Korea, where most buildings are flimsy, the extent of damage in the last fourteen months has been staggering.

Junkyard of War

In Seoul most of the concrete buildings that gave the city its character were pitted with shellfire or gutted in two battles. The Capitol Building today is a skeleton. The suburb of Yongdongpo and the port of Inchon, centers of South Korea's fledgling industries, were badly mangled. In the more highly industrialized north, the great chemical complex at Hungnam and a half a dozen other key targets were blasted so thoroughly by American B-29s that months ago top U.S. Air Force officers were saying they had run out of these targets. Virtually every bridge in the country was wrecked, and its rail lines, rolling stock, and vehicles pounded continuously.

Reconstruction will mean almost building a country from a junkyard of war. It will cost hundreds of millions —probably billions—of dollars. The South Koreans, bankrupt nationally and individually, look to the United Nations, and more particularly the United States, for the money. They would not understand any hesitation about providing it.

Nobody knows how many Korean civilians have been killed. They have been drawn into the war in almost every conceivable way. The Communists used thousands as guerrillas behind allied lines. Friend and foe alike have been killed by air strafing along the crowded highways or in the intensive bombing of the North. They have been hit by shellfire, and many of the incorrigibly curious have died from land mines.

Yet somehow life goes on. For perhaps over one million it is a scant but safe existence in refugee camps. For the remainder it is a bitter fight for survival amid a black-market economy that has spiraled Korea's already high living costs tens of times. The most fortunate are those thousands who work for the allies as laborers and supply carriers.

War inevitably means lowered morality for those involved in it. The fight for survival demands unconscionable cunning and toughness. The Koreans learned these lessons well during their repression by the Japanese. Now they have been involved directly in a particularly personal war which has sharpened deep enmities and bred distrust among countrymen.

Enemies Within the Gates

The Communists, in their failure to capture the peninsula, at least left in South Korea the potentialities for the kind of turmoil and unrest upon which they feed. A divided country will perpetuate the basic reasons for the war—the economic severance of the agricultural south from the industrial north and the desire of each side for its kind of "unification."

The shadow of Chinese and Soviet military and political power will remain over South Korea. The South Koreans have never been completely free of Communist influence in their own ranks. A year before the war, the Republican Army was ripped open by a brief but rather bloody Communist revolt.

The most important South Korean defenses will continue to be friendship for the West, the area's agricultural riches, and the intense desire for freedom, an effective bulwark so long as the South Koreans can escape or withstand conquest.

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China: Lynchings for a Purpose

The present mass trials, with their cries of 'Kill! Kill!' represent a well-tried Red propaganda weapon that may backfire

GRAHAM PECK

SOME MONTHS after the Japanese surrender in China, during the Marshall truce of 1946, I made a trip into Communist country near Peking and heard about the trials by mass meeting which had recently taken place there. According to the Chinese Communist officials I met, only former puppets of the Japanese had been given the treatment. Petty offenders, they claimed, were punished by vote of the crowd that hailed them up for trial, with such penalties as "fines, loss of civil rights, or periods of supervised behavior." Major collaborators were allegedly turned over to regular Communist courts for investigation and sentencing, in some cases to death before a firing squad.

I later learned this was not the whole story, but I was surprised at the frankness with which the Communist officials explained that the punishment of puppets was not the chief purpose of the mass trials, since the Communists could have done that job more efficiently and quickly by themselves.

Murder for Morale

When they occupied this stretch of countryside after the Japanese withdrawal, they told me, they found that past oppression had made even the most downtrodden farmers lethargic and timid about any sort of change. Village meetings at which the peasants were encouraged to denounce and try the traitors among them were the best way of stirring them up, pulling them out of their old ruts, making them more receptive to change. The Communists also hoped the mass trials would convince the peasants that Communism stood for village self-government.

On the same trip I heard from others that the local Communists had already begun to stage mass trials of a few of the more ruthless landlords, the redistribution of their land being one of the penalties the crowd might impose. It seemed, too, that the trials of both collaborators and landlords might be rougher than the official versions admitted, and were more cunningly used as political devices.

For some time before a trial, my non-official informants told me, Communist agitators would talk with the peasants, trying to uncover and inflame hidden grievances and grudges. When the mass meeting began, however, the Communists retired into the background, not intervening even to prevent violence.

Since life in rural China had become

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so disorderly and brutal in recent decades, a number of the men brought to trial were guilty of ugly crimes. Wealth, political influence—any kind of power—had commonly put their possessors above what little law there was. Some landlords and puppets not only exploited their helpless neighbors economically, but raped, flogged, or murdered at their pleasure. When these village tyrants were dragged before mass meetings and their former victims stepped up to recount their misdeeds, mob spirits were easily excited. Various defendants were summarily lynched by the crowds of infuriated judges. The lucky ones were shot or hanged, while others were crudely tortured to death with stones, knives, scissors, or farm tools.

Such events would obviously stir up their participants in no small way. Those who actively helped in a lynching would feel irrevocably committed to Communism, since the return of any anti-Communist authority would bring reprisals against them. Those who only watched while a neighbor was painfully killed by other neighbors, on the familiar market square or village threshing floor, undoubtedly also acquired an intimate sense of involvement. Those who had land redistributed to them at a trial would get a vested interest in Communism.

According even to non-Communists, though, the Communists were careful not to overuse mass trials during that early period. Usually the men against whom they incited mob action were deservedly unpopular, and formed only a tiny minority. In the villages where I stayed the longest and heard the most, no more than one family head in every hundred had been tried, either as a collaborator or an oppressive landlord. Most of them had gotten off without physical harm, though much of their land was redistributed.

Therefore, along with the dark feelings stirred by the rare cases of extreme violence, the mass trials aroused a good deal of popular support for Communism.

Burnt Bridges

Judging from what I have heard and read more recently, the Chinese Communists used similar tactics in most other country districts they conquered during the civil war. Instead of flatly and immediately imposing their own

will, they tried to get a majority of the villagers themselves to take revolutionary steps—usually at mass trials—which would kindle the enthusiasm of some and make others feel they had burnt their bridges behind them. Naturally this further undermined the morale of the privileged minority most likely to be anti-Communist. As soon as the peasants were inflamed enough, the program of trials was widened to deal with more types of "class enemies"—pro-Kuomintang people and some landlords who were just rich, not necessarily ruthless. In the heat of civil-war emotion, more trials ended in lynchings.

When the Communists began capturing cities, however, they must have decided such measures were not suitable for the urban population at that time. The cities were strongholds of China's middle and upper classes, and social violence could have caused so much alarm that it would have been impossible to keep the urban economy running. The Communists consequently tried to create a controlled turbulence of hope and fear by less drastic means—printed and spoken propaganda, parades, demonstrations, and "revival" meetings at which mass emotion was used to induce voluntary confessions of past sins and public promises of future devotion to Communism. Some trials were staged in factories, schools, and other urban institutions, but the charges usually were minor—"incorrect thinking," for example—and the penalties at that time were ordinarily light.

In timing the political, economic, and social innovations which they later began to impose on countryside and cities alike, the Communists apparently remained careful not to push the non-Communist public too far or too fast, always making sure that those who gained by the changes—or thought they did—outnumbered those who lost. This was not too hard to do, since the rules and customs of China's stratified old society were unfair in some degree to much of the population: not only to the poor, but to women, young people, soldiers, racial minorities, and various smaller groups. When latent resentments were worked up among these people and some improvement in their lot was arranged or promised, many could easily be recruited into Communist-run organizations where they would believe that they themselves were changing their country.

Stepping Up the Purge

According to this year's crop of refugees from the Chinese mainland and to official broadcasts on the Peking radio, China is now going through a new phase of upheaval, with the Communists more openly and arbitrarily in charge.

Except in the southern provinces most recently Communist-occupied, land redistribution no longer seems to be used as a political device, carried out through mass trials. It has become a straight economic program, directly administered by Communists and aimed against landlords as a class, instead of against individuals. Collective farms, which will eventually take land back from those who got it by land redistribution, have already been launched on an experimental basis. While mass trials are still occurring in the southern villages, the Communist police have apparently taken over the purging of "class enemies" in the northern countryside.

In the cities, the Communists still seem cautious about making the more radical and complicated changes, such as nationalization of all industry. But their new taxes and regulations show that the privileges of the old middle and upper classes are doomed to eventual disappearance. The urban police are also reported extremely active, exercising rigid controls over many phases of daily life, rounding up a multitude of "counter-revolutionaries." In recent months, mass trials of these

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prisoners have been organized in the cities, the more important being staged as giant public spectacles in sports arenas, parks, or parade grounds. Charges as serious as treason are brought against the defendants, and the death penalty can be imposed. Public executions follow the trials.

Estimates from Hong Kong put the total number of Chinese purged this year—in countryside and cities, by straight police action or by mass trials—at several hundred thousand, perhaps more than a million. Taking four hundred and fifty million as the sum of China's population, this would mean one or two persons killed among every thousand Chinese. Whether or not the estimates are correct, it seems certain that enough mass trials have been staged in every city neighborhood to make the entire urban population feel their disturbing influence.

Sign of Weakness?

Some Americans take this news to prove that the Communists in China are losing their grip. Panicked by failures in Korea and internal problems which include popular resistance to Communism, they are supposedly going to extremes in a blind effort to regiment the Chinese and crush all opposition. Instead—it is hoped—they are only making their opponents more numerous and determined.

No doubt the Chinese Communists are running into grave difficulties, anti-Communism being one of them. While China's non-peasant minority is only twenty per cent or less of the population, it still includes up to ninety million people. Because many in this group are landlords or middle- and upper-class city dwellers injured or threatened by Communist policies, some tens of millions of Chinese must be at least passively opposed to their new government. Perhaps three or four million are former Kuomintang officials, army officers, and others who had a vested interest in the old government and may be more decidedly anti-Communist. A similar number have probably had enough contact with western influence to be repelled by Communism on ideological grounds. Among the peasants, including poor ones who have actually benefited by Communist changes, many millions—especially older men and women—must be automatically and permanently anti-Communist because of their long-standing traditions of conservatism, mistrust of strangers, and dislike of all government.

Although news of anti-Communist guerrillas and underground groups on the mainland is necessarily vague, it seems beyond question that more than one million Chinese are now risking their lives to work against the Communists. The new strictness of the Communist police is proof that some of them are doing it effectively. On the evidence available, though, one can only guess whether the dissidents are chiefly supporters of the former régime, now recovered from the first demoralization of defeat but fighting a losing battle to turn back the clock, or whether they are forerunners of a general revolt against Communism. Judging from the earlier stages in the consolidation of Chinese Communist power, my own guess is that it may be premature to believe the Communists do not still have the bulk of the public—between three and four hundred million Chinese—exactly where they want them.

Current news of rural conditions, especially from North China, suggests that the Communists have now stirred enough peasants into a state of emotional flux—inspired, confused, cowed, convinced, or whatever else—to start safely pouring all of them into the molds designed for them.

Stage-Managed Murder

Redistribution of the property of the smaller landlords, and collectivization, which threatens every private owner, are steps the Communists could hardly have taken a few years ago without creating dangerous uneasiness among the land-loving peasants. The police activities now reported from the northern villages would formerly have provoked an inconvenient amount of peasant hostility against the outsiders. Apparently the Communists have also begun to tamper with religious and family customs in radical ways that earlier would have aroused great peasant hostility.

News from the cities indicates that

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they are now sufficiently under Communist control to be given the emotional shake-up much of the countryside already has had, with city dwellers being prepared for later remolding of the sort many peasants are undergoing.

This year's urban mass trials seem to differ in some respects from the village trials I heard about in 1946. The defendants are usually examined and sentenced first by a regular Communist court, then put up for mass trial. Outright lynchings are not encouraged, no doubt in deference to more squeamish city tastes. But the Communists apparently stage-manage the big urban trials in order to give all participants the same sense of acute personal involvement that was thrust upon those who attended village trials. Exhortation by loudspeaker and massed choruses chanting "Kill! Kill!" are used to reproduce the emotion of the smaller meetings, where everyone present knew the victims as neighbors. The insistent publicity the Communists give their urban trials—by radio and various other media—suggests that their aim is still not so much to liquidate certain people as to stir up all the others.

Why They Take It

By American standards, this cold-blooded manipulation of lives and emotions is intolerable. In the most unlikely event that any such program should ever be launched in America, it would surely produce a quick counter-revolution. Basically, the people of China are no more inhumane or immoral than ourselves, and many an average Chinese with no immediate personal cause for anti-Communism must secretly hate what the Communists are doing to some of his fellow countrymen. But for a number of reasons these private feelings seem less likely to boil up into political action in China than they might in the United States.

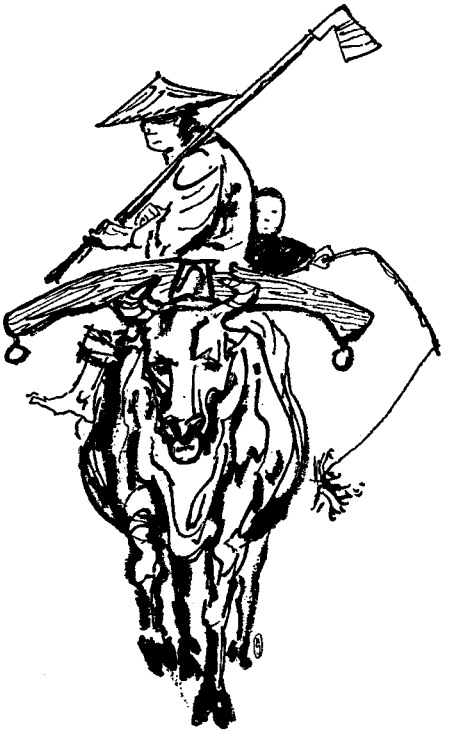
China has no firm tradition of legally guaranteed civil rights, including that of trial by a proper court. China *does* have traditions of authoritarian government, police tyranny, and public executions on political charges. Less than twenty-five years ago—within the memory of most adult Chinese—the Kuomintang ran a nation-wide purge of Communists and other Leftists. This may not have claimed as many victims as the present Communist purge, but it reached into every community. Unexplained arrests and occasional executions without real trial marked the following years of Kuomintang rule, especially in provincial places remote from foreign observation.

In China's cities, as in the countryside, the Communists have taken over a reservoir of quite evil and unpopular types who can be used as the victims of contrived social violence without arousing much general sympathy for them. Behind its façade of progress and democracy, the Kuomintang had an underworld of brutal and corrupt local officials and officers, who often acted as if they were a law unto themselves. Some of them, especially the secret police, had connections with the criminal underground and the former Japanese puppet régime.

Many such people have remained on the mainland, either because they were ordered to stay as Kuomintang agents or were lulled by the Communists' early lenience in the cities, or because it was physically impossible for them to emigrate. As far as can be learned from the identifications published or broadcast, the current purge is aimed primarily against this group. Ordinary nonpartisan and respectable city dwellers, even including those with considerable wealth or with western ties, do not seem to have been affected as a class, though of course their turn for purging will probably come.

Finally, it is important to remember that the present generation of Chinese have spent most of their lives unhappily aware that theirs is a once-great country fallen into shameful decline. After a couple of millenniums as the dominant power of the Far East, China in this past century sank into chaos and decay, and gradually became a semi-colony of Japan and the western nations. Fifteen to twenty-five years ago, the Kuomintang Government seemed to be restoring more stable conditions of life and regaining international prestige for China; consequently it got the support of the nationalist-minded despite the more unsavory aspects of its rule. But for roughly a dozen years before the recent Communist conquest, China had been tortured by Japanese invasion, civil war, inflation, and disruption of trade and industry, plus the gradual perversion and breakdown of the Kuomintang.

What all this adds up to is that China was ripe for revolution before the Communists made their bid. Therefore the international Communist tactic of getting control by creating friction, conflict, and confusion among the various non-Communist groups tends to work fairly well in China, as it would not in a country where revolution was less inevitable. The current spate of mass trials looks as if it fits into a scheme the Chinese Communists have been developing quite successfully for several years. Until more reliable evidence on the subject turns up, it would seem extremely unwise for Americans—especially our policymakers—to assume that the trials are signs of Communist panic.



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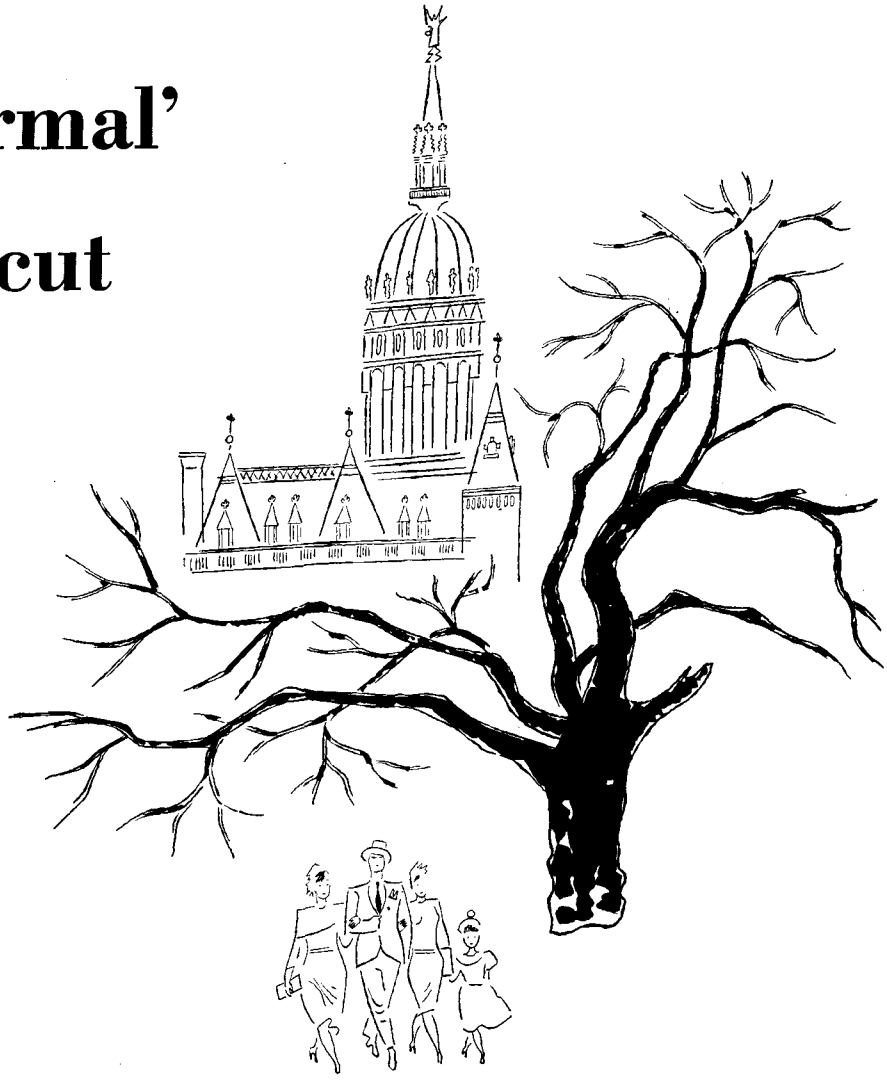
'Back to Normal' In Connecticut



ARTHUR W. HEPNER

If Hollywood ever decides to do a story about a state governor, casting the lead will be no problem. The ideal choice for the part now occupies the governor's chair at Hartford, Connecticut. Not only was he once a member of the film colony, but no name devised by Hollywood promotion men could combine phonetic simplicity with what the public identifies as "class" any better than his own—John Davis Lodge.

Connecticut's State Capitol provides a set as impressive as Lodge's name. Perched on a low hilltop, the building rises like a Loire château over downtown Hartford. There has always been some debate over whether the Capitol's dominant architectural taint is French Provincial or English Victorian, but among students of nineteenth century U.S. building, it is considered a gem of its kind.

A movie treatment of Lodge's career would pose no delicate problems for the Johnston Office. That career contains a full quota of glamour, and nowhere has it descended very deeply into the "controversial" realms of social or economic inequality. As a Hollywood scenarist grew more familiar with Connecticut, he would undoubtedly be pleased to see the resplendent new schools into which a third of the state's 300,000 public-school children will file this fall. In the well-kept, prosperous cities and towns he would see the last of twelve thousand families moving into newly completed low-cost and low-rental homes.

'A Man You Can Believe'

In campaign speeches last fall and in his inaugural last January, Lodge made modest claims. Characterizing himself simply as "a man you can believe," he condemned the reckless spending of the previous Administration, and pledged himself to bringing Connecticut's distended budget back into balance. As soon as he could, he proposed to replace the irresponsible régime of his predecessor, Democrat Chester Bowles, with a government that thrifty Yankees could rely on.

After eight months in office, Lodge can point to a host of tangible improvements, typified by the new schools and homes. Such works would be a credit to any state, although unfortunately they are results of a program launched by Lodge's predecessor. If he suffers any frustration over the conspicuous absence of his own contributions, Governor Lodge may justly claim a foul. The Democrats, in a gesture unbecoming good sportsmanship, after Lodge's inauguration clung to the center of power in the State Senate and punched holes in every phase of his own program.

The governor's avowed fidelity to businesslike principles had produced a request for the biggest budget in Connecticut history.

The Democrats uncavalierly demonstrated that proper accounting would prove that Bowles had not left a $7 million deficit, as the Republicans claimed, but a balanced budget. Thus, Lodge's proposal to raise the state sales tax from two to three per cent they declared superfluous, especially since the governor insisted on eliminating various state social services.

Next the Democrats compelled the governor, against his better judgment, to approve the construction of four thousand additional low-cost and low-rental homes, and tactlessly suggested that he keep his budgetary demands in line with his curtailments in public services.

The Schism

Lodge's tenure in office has so far accomplished one major result. As reported by a political writer for the Hartford *Courant,* one of the governor's staunchest journalistic supporters, his Administration is changing Connecticut "from a traditionally Republican state to a Democratic one." The

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G.O.P., says the writer, has made a significant contribution toward pushing the trend along because of the internal rift between the governor's personal coterie, the nucleus of which is formed by friends from the wealthier Connecticut suburbs of New York, and the plain party workers in the rest of the state. Part of the trouble seemed to be that Lodge's dignity, patrician bearing, and aversion to the hard facts of politics have alienated many G.O.P. rank-and-filers.

Because of this rift, Connecticut now runs on the initiative of the Democratic cabal in the Senate. Almost every useful measure is of its making. Astute Republicans hold that no one is more responsible for the present state of affairs than the governor himself. His unwillingness to take strong positions has nurtured a take-it-easy, sit-back-and-do-nothing silence.

The Shadow of Shirley Temple

In Lodge, Connecticut has gotten what a writer has described as "Shirley Temple's leading man." The governor, a member of the Massachusetts Lodge family, years ago abandoned an incipient law career for the screen. To him fell the distinction of playing opposite Shirley Temple in "The Little Colonel."

Lodge returned to Connecticut from the Navy in 1946 to replace Clare Boothe Luce as Fourth District Representative in Congress. There he acquitted himself enviably by voting more realistically than most G.O.P. colleagues on foreign affairs and following the party line on domestic issues. He favored the Taft-Hartley bill, opposed broadening of social security, and was against the Brannan Plan and the extension of reciprocal trade, but he plugged hard for aid to Korea and for more U.S. attention to other foreign commitments.

Governor Lodge has been described as "neither a Willkie nor a Dewey but a Landon—a young Landon with a flair for the theatrical." He is exceptionally debonair and aware of it. He is well versed in the arts and literature, partly because of his classical Harvard education. The graceful intonations of his speech reflect both his good upbringing and his sojourn in Hollywood. His public addresses, written largely by a former editorial writer for the Hartford *Courant*, exploit these attributes well, making ample use of ornate phrases and mixed metaphors, and giving good opportunity for histrionic display.

"We must strive," Lodge said in his inaugural address, "to cut our suit according to our cloth. We must be careful not to impair the seedbed of industrial and commercial enterprise from which our taxes are drawn."

The austerity he prescribed for Connecticut at the start of his term in January, to prepare the state for civil defense—the subject was mentioned fifteen times in a sixteen-page address—he characterized as "an exhilarating challenge to our courage, to our endurance, to our capacity to release the great, unplumbed moral forces which lie deep within us all. . . .

"By mobilizing our industrial potential," he declared, "...by drawing upon the huge resources of our land, by calling forth all our powers, we can ignite throughout the free world a temper, a purpose, a motive and a faith so contagious that the cause of freedom and justice will flourish enduringly."

When the legislature adjourned this June, the Governor was awakened with a jolt to discover that the solons had entirely neglected to do anything about civil defense. Caught between pressure for economy and the need to prepare Connecticut for its "exhilarating challenge," Lodge summoned the legisla-

Governor and Mrs. Lodge

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ture back into special session, at a considerable sacrifice to his economy plans. He was presently handed the legislation to develop what one man with experience in the field has described as "the worst bungled civil defense program of all times."

The Events of November, 1950

The determination of Connecticut voters last November to toss out Chester Bowles and his "Little Brain Trust" was made clear by the 880,000 votes cast—the largest off-year total in the state's record books. Of course, when the totals were certified, Lodge had beaten Bowles by only 17,000 votes. A one per cent switch would have kept Bowles in office. But a majority—albeit a small one—had had its fill. In cities and small towns alike, Bowles tagged behind the Democratic ticket. Incumbent Senator Brien McMahon retained his seat safely. William Benton, his junior colleague, eked out a narrow victory over his Republican competitor. But still Connecticut Republicans were overjoyed. Behind Lodge they had thrown all their heaviest artillery, for Chester Bowles was the symbol of all the evils of government predicated on service to the people.

What really cost Chester Bowles his job last fall was something that the former governor recognizes and readily admits. He had tried to do "too much too fast." Connecticut's tradition-minded majority couldn't take the sudden disturbance of their habits. To them, however useful and beneficial his objectives, Governor Bowles seemed an abrasive with not much respect for the accepted ways of gradual change.

In a sense, Bowles had gotten into office by a fluke. In 1948, many upstate or "swamp" Yankees preferred a Democrat who was a New England Protestant to a Republican candidate who chanced to be an Irish Catholic. This, coupled with heavy Democratic pluralities in the cities and the momentum of the Truman boom, pushed Bowles into office by two thousand votes. Even some normally Democratic Catholic votes which switched reciprocally to Governor James C. Shannon were not quite enough to save the latter's bid for re-election.

Bowles, according to a veteran Hartford political reporter, never expected to win. His close friend Elmo Roper had been just as inaccurate about Bowles's chances as about Truman's. But when he did find himself in the governor's chair, Bowles had a complete new administrative program in his pocket.

In effect, ultraconservative Hartford was turned into New Deal Washington in capsule, with many of the latter's virtues and more of its failings. At once, Bowles surrounded himself by a team of eager young men and women who became a Hartford brain trust. Most of

them were liberal-intellectual offshoots of New England's better colleges. The most unfortunate shortcomings were that Connecticut wasn't ready for this new, high-powered kind of government operation and that Bowles, for all his dynamism, was no Franklin Roosevelt. On top of this, Bowles's fondness for advertising techniques led to an increasing reliance on press releases in place of careful planning.

Administration by Fanfare

Although there were many tangible benefits for Connecticut citizens, the show began to assume as much importance as the achievements themselves. More than one devoted partisan of the Bowles Administration held the impression that programs were adopted or actions taken with an eye on the morning headlines rather than the consequences of the step which inspired them. It became administration by fanfare.

But just as in Washington during the "Hundred Days" of 1933, so much activity was bound to produce many reforms. The young men and women whom Bowles had gathered round him were doers. If they cut corners or grew impatient with staid routine, it was because of their eagerness to serve the public.

The program of more public services —better educational facilities, low-cost and low-rental housing, elimination of racial and religious discriminaton, improved old age pensions, better hospitals, gentler eviction laws—was hard enough to sell in one package even to individuals already believing in the necessity of greater official consideration for the citizen's welfare. To traditionally conservative New Englanders who had elected more than twice as many Republican as Democratic governors since 1850, it was outright social revolution.

"Government," Bowles has said, "must increase opportunity and security for the groups which compose it. Specifically, it should tackle those projects such as slum clearance and low-cost housing which private enterprise cannot afford or is not prepared to undertake."

Bowles believes that private enterpise has its role in today's society. It has provided miraculous living standards. But he takes issue with the conservative who regards private enterprise as more than an economic means to an end, "as something on a par with religion."

The trouble with such people, he said, is that they believe that public problems, if left unattacked, will in the long run solve themselves. They are cutting off their noses, Bowles implied, to spite their faces, for "the more competent the liberalism of state governments, the more positive their approach to these problems, the faster will we be able to slow down the trend toward concentration and centralization in Washington."

For such views as these, Bowles was called "a traitor to his class" and in Connecticut his program prompted a general revival of the epithet "That Man" as well as the inevitable comparisons with his old boss, Franklin Roosevelt.

It is true that Bowles is an idealist, with a genuine concern for the welfare of the public. He brooks no traffic with intolerance or prejudice. He believes in the rights of labor and in principles of liberal government. But it is just as true that he is an ambitious man with his own next step up firmly fixed in his mind.

The Do-Gooders

Whether his program for a progressive Connecticut was fully thought out is debatable. Many feel that the energies devoted to publicity could have been better spent in careful planning. The sudden do-gooder enthusiasms often ignored the lack of necessary foundations. With a legislature split between a Democratic Senate and a Republican House of Representatives,

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Bowles's program had two strikes on it from the start. Still, if it had been more effectively planned, it might have run into fewer obstacles.

Bowles's young men and women had plenty of good ideas. Their failing—and this cost their downfall—was a lack of the understanding and patience necessary to win public confidence for what they believed in. Instead, they had a vast contempt for anyone who rejected their ideas. Unable to accept the crude political axiom, "If you can't lick 'em, jine 'em," they doomed their man to defeat.

'Throw the Radicals Out!'

In defeating Bowles, the G.O.P. had accomplished one of its major national objectives. A "dangerous" man had been removed from a spotlighted position. The Republicans hoped that his rejection would help to rally all Americans against the threat of a welfare state.

The campaign to "get" Bowles was a strategic triumph. Persecuted majorities pilloried the former governor for his protection of minorities. An anonymous group warned Connecticut priests that Bowles was a confirmed anti-Catholic. As evidence, they cited the fact that Bowles's name had been used on the back cover of a circulation-raising reprint of several articles by Paul Blanshard in the *Nation* which challenged certain practices of the Catholic church. The *Nation* presently revealed that Bowles's name had been used without his consent, but the propaganda had presumably done its work.

Similarly, doctors throughout the state were warned by mail that Chester Bowles favored socialized medicine. If so, this was a rare instance of Bowles's advertising background letting him down. In none of his pronouncements or programs was there even a hint of interest in the subject.

A letter to citizens of the state from Charles Keats, the G.O.P. publicity director, reminded all voters that Bowles's office was a haven for A.D.A. and OPA cronies, for importees from Washington agencies and other left-wing groups—"a legion of so-called liberal thinkers and economists." These "strangers in Connecticut," Keats charged, formed a miniature advertising agency operating in the State Capitol at public expense to sell socialistic ideas alien to the American way.

Chester Bowles

Some salvos, however, missed their mark. Lodge, for instance, wooed the large Italian vote in the industrial centers with the help of his beautiful Italian wife. Lodge himself speaks fluent Italian, which he used at times in campaign addresses, and his wife is an erstwhile member of the Italian aristocracy. Unfortunately for Lodge, news of her former social status had gone before her, and he failed to estimate the coolness which people of solid *paisan* stock might show to the husband of a *signorina.* On Election Day, the main Italian districts showed a marked leaning toward Bowles.

The Morning After

Many of the Italians may have felt that Lodge's appeal smacked of a social and economic system that they had come to the New World to escape, but the rest of Connecticut did its duty by the G.O.P. version of the American Way. The citizens may not exactly have risen to a man, but there were enough Lodge votes to give the Bowles interlopers their comeuppance.

For these voters, worn by two years of hyperthyroid political activity, the results heralded a well-earned relief. What does it matter if the Republicans are engaged in internecine warfare to determine which faction shall run the governor? Who cares if the governor asks for the largest budget in Connecticut history? Or if a small-town real-estate-and-mortgage dealer, as Lodge's executive secretary, represents "the businessman's viewpoint" in the governor's office? Whose concern is it that campaign pledges are not redeemed? The people's? After all, didn't they throw the radical rascals out?

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Claghorns or Catos?

In a critical study of Southern Senators, a Washington writer concludes that their alliance with the G.O.P. is a myth

W. McNEIL LOWRY

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is convinced that the American people can never get the facts of life from the American press, and particularly from its leading columnists.

This conviction of the President's is not news. What is news is that Mr. Truman has recently had it confirmed by a spate of articles loudly revealing that the Democrats face the "widest and deepest" split suffered by a major party since 1912. The President of the United States begs to differ, and though he is doing so privately he is yet doing it extensively.

The term "widest and deepest" came from New York *Times* Washington Correspondent Arthur Krock, writing about a speech by Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia at the Atlanta Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner. Byrd was very tough on Harry Truman. Byrd was in Georgia. Georgia is in the South. Therefore, Krock inferred that the Southern Democrats were going to make things tough for their own candidate in 1952, particularly if the Republicans nominated General Dwight Eisenhower.

Claghorns All?

To Arthur Krock, Senator Byrd and his Southern colleagues are the repository of whatever wisdom and sanity remain in the party of Jefferson and Jackson. To a vast majority of the people for whom Krock and other Northern newspapermen write, they are duly elected versions of Senator Claghorn, Dixiecrats all, peanut politicians in both the literal and the figurative senses, and the tail of that "Republican-Dixiecrat coalition" which has frustrated the Administration's will since everybody but Krock can remember.

Both conceptions are myths, though like all good myths they serve as a cloak for palpable historical facts. The twenty-two Democratic Senators from the South are men as various, in ability and in political philosophy, as the twenty-eight other Democrats in the present Senate, and there are at least as many able Senators among them as among the Republicans, who have twice their number. In political bias, they range from Byrd to Senator John Sparkman of Alabama, who was the Northern Democrats' second choice for majority leader last January.

Harry Truman knows this, though in the heat of a campaign against Congress he is perfectly willing to fire broadsides at all the Southerners as one target. Truman believes that Harry Byrd is a Dixie Republican who would turn back the clock and put the South right back where it was twenty years ago, in the days before TVA, rural electrification, soil conservation, farm price supports, social security, and free school lunches. Truman believes that most other Southerners, including those in the Senate, want from his Administration the same things people in the rest of the country want—peace, freedom, and security.

Richard B. Russell

The Republican-Southern Democratic coalition was born in labor legislation and nourished on the strong stuff of the Truman civil-rights program. Irritation against Mr. Truman and the vested interest of keeping him as a target still give it life. But most of the crucial issues of 1950 and 1951 have found the Southerners in coalition with Northern Democrats and that handful of Republicans who often bolt the Taft-Wherry leadership.

One exception was the June fight over the price-control measure. The Southern Senators were convinced that the President could have controlled prices with the bill he was given almost a year earlier and that he was now asking them to do the impossible after six months of inaction in 1950. Only four—Hill and Sparkman of Alabama, Kefauver of Tennessee and Fulbright of Arkansas—supported the rollback amendment offered by Senator Paul H. Douglas, Democrat of Illinois. G.O.P. AND SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS IN CONTROL, accurately reported Krock's New York *Times*.

But the other major roll-call tests at this session have been different. It was Russell of Georgia who beat off all threats (even minor ones) to the Administration's farm program, and he carried practically every Southerner but Byrd with him. On three other roll-calls (public health assistance to the states, a crucial amendment to the draft bill, and the troops-to-Europe

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resolution) the Administration was supported by a majority of the Southerners. Russell, Sparkman and Hill, Fulbright, Kefauver of Tennessee, Smathers of Florida, Long of Louisiana, Stennis of Mississippi, Maybank of South Carolina, and Connally and Johnson of Texas—these had a perfect Administration record. All of them split from a large Republican majority on all votes on which they were recorded.

Three Species

If the bare bones of the voting record are to be taken as a reconstruction of the animal himself, an analysis of key votes in the last five years will show that there is not one distinct species of Southern Democratic Senator but three.

The first group provides the main source of "Republican" votes. It includes Byrd and Robertson of Virginia, Eastland and Stennis of Mississippi, McClellan of Arkansas, Hoey and Smith of North Carolina, and George of Georgia.

The middle group is composed of Holland of Florida, Ellender of Louisiana, Connally, Maybank, McKellar of Tennessee, and Fulbright. Like all men in the "middle," these are pivotal: Holland can often be bracketed with the Byrd group, Fulbright with those

Estes Kefauver

John J. Sparkman

Southerners nearer the position of the Northern Democrats.

This last group includes Hill and Sparkman, Kefauver, Long, Russell, Johnson of Texas, Johnston of South Carolina, and Smathers. (Smathers' campaign against Claude Pepper in 1950 would put him with the Byrd group, but his colleagues believe he has already started working his way back to his House voting record.)

Admittedly, the test of the voting record canot be considered conclusive. Even Byrd has frequently split with his Republican friends over key amendments to national-defense and foreign-policy measures. National-defense legislation, except on the top-heavy votes by which an amended bill is finally passed, has not in over a decade been the vehicle for a Republican-Southern Democratic coalition. Since even Eisenhower would carry an unreconstructed G.O.P. delegation back into Congress, foreign policy will continue to spoil a perfect Republican-Southern Democratic marriage.

It should never be forgotten that the 1940 and 1941 draft acts, Lend-Lease, and repeal of the arms embargo would never have passed the Senate without the solid support of the Southern Democrats.

Enter Labor

There are further complications to drawing a neat picture of the Southern Senators, even when one splits them conveniently into three groups. It was the upsurge of union labor's strength in the North which brought a Republican-Southern Democratic coalition, and in that one legislative field it has never been broken.

Hill and Sparkman of Alabama and Johnston of South Carolina are three of only four Southern senators (Pepper of Florida was the other) who voted to sustain Mr. Truman's veto of the Taft-Hartley Act in 1947, though Kefauver, then in the House, was paired on the Truman side of the fence. In the 1949 test vote to delete Taft-Hartley's anti-strike injunction, the same group picked up Long, McKellar, and Graham of North Carolina. All the other Southern Democrats have held the voting lines that became clear in 1943 with the Smith-Connally Act to control wartime strikes.

But note that Hill and Sparkman (like Kefauver and Johnston) are still in Washington, and succeeded in bringing Alabama back into the national Democratic Party after the defection of 1948. The same spread of organized labor's strength which earlier put these two Administration Senators out on a limb is now supporting them in their home state.

By and large, however, labor and civil-rights issues have given the Southern Democrats the appearance of a solid bloc, and it is noteworthy that 1948 found both Mr. Truman and the Southerners lumping the two issues together.

What is even more noteworthy, however, and something Mr. Truman often appears to forget, is that neither the labor nor the civil-rights issue deprived the President of more than four Southern states in 1948. Senator Russell accepted the votes of Southern delegations at Philadelphia for the Presidential nomination, and then went home and busied himself in Georgia for the campaign. His action prevented Governor Herman Talmadge from going for the Thurmond-Wright States' Rights ticket, kept Georgia in the Truman column, and served as a checkrein on all would-be Southern bolters.

It has been true since 1947, and it will be true in 1952, that the South and its Senators will work against the nomination of Harry Truman. It was true in 1948, and it will true in 1952, that General Eisenhower could pull plenty of Southern votes on either major party ticket. But the Southern

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Senators themselves do not expect to see Mr. Truman suffer worse in the South in 1952 than in 1948 if he is renominated. And none, not even from Mississippi or South Carolina, is saying currently that he will bolt the party next year if Truman is the convention choice.

Arthur Krock and a number of columnists have recently made much of Russell's part in Governor Talmadge's invitation to Byrd for the June 25 speech in Atlanta. But Russell takes no more responsibility for Byrd's speeches than for Byrd's votes. And even a little insight into Georgia politics would show that Russell could not have performed the masterful job he did for the Administration in the MacArthur inquiry without now and then keeping an eye on the Talmadge faction in his state. He has beaten the group when he has had to, but no politician seeks to turn nominal supporters into outright opponents.

This political truism, which applies to the North as to the South, is one that Harry Truman understands very well, even when he is running on the Truman record versus Congress's. Senator Byrd and a few others may be determined that the South will either rule the Democratic Party or ruin it. But the votes of many of Byrd's Southern colleagues have paralleled the economic programs of Roosevelt and Truman. And for one good reason: These programs have been manifestly to the benefit of the South. The Senators from Dixie may use "Truman socialism" as a generic bad term, but they prefer not to call soil conservation, old-age pensions, rural electrification, and farm price supports "socialistic."

Southern Courtesy

Finally, a complication in Southern voting records grows from simple deference to the recommendations of committee chairmen. In all but the Eightieth among recent Congresses, Southern Democrats have practically monopolized committee chairmanships, and the traditional regional solidarity against the rich Northeast and Middle West has led the Southern chairmen to scratch one another's backs freely. If Truman had won the support of Chairman Maybank of the Banking and Currency Committee for rollbacks in prices, the crucial June 27 roll call would have been different.

J. William Fulbright

In the last analysis, the twenty-two Democratic Senators from the South must be judged as individuals, though individuals still highly conscious of regionalism and not altogether free of a consequent chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. Despite what can only be interpreted as hypersensitiveness or a feeling of inferiority in many of them, they include some of the best-liked, ablest, and most colorful men in the nation's highest legislature.

The veteran Walter F. George, though his position appears lately to have been influenced by a thoroughgoing distrust of the Truman Administration, is perhaps the truest conservative in the Senate. His steady pursuit of the subject at hand and his thunderous eloquence sway (and often intimidate) Senators on both sides of the aisle. A man from a humble family, he controls the Senate committee that has to do with the most solid tangibles of finance. He distrusts any approach that is sweeping. Not even Taft uses the word "Constitutional" more often. No lieutenant for any President in his Senatorial career, he on one occasion blew out of the chamber, with a few "Constitutional" words, a G.O.P. effort to force Truman to check with FBI Director Hoover before making certain Presidential appointments.

Southern Senators have a way of watching George with rapt attention as he stands without notes and intones his emphatic speeches. None appears more rapt than the youngest member of the group, Russell Long. But the interests reflected in Long's brief career show a different generation in the South from George's, a development particularly noteworthy in Louisiana. There are people in Louisiana who believe that Russell Long, a devoted son to Huey, is consciously trying to associate the Long name with a constructive, moderate approach to alter, sixteen years after the "Kingfish's" death, the picture recognized by the elder Long's contemporaries.

Not in Father's Footsteps

Whatever his motive, and however deep his apparent reverence for his Southern elders, Long has not dropped into any mold. In a manner combining both earnestness and courtesy, the thirty-two-year-old Senator uses many of his father's gestures but none of his demagoguery. Two years ago I wrote that the 1948 election had produced, in Paul Douglas and Russell Long, the most promising liberal and the most promising conservative the Senate has seen in years. It is noteworthy that in much economic legislation (basing points, taxation) Long has been an admired colleague of Douglas's in the Senate, and is perhaps closer to Douglas than to George.

When he had to run for a full term in

Lister Hill

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Russell B. Long

1950, Long found Leander Perez, the Dixiecrat boss of the bayous, and the tidelands oil interests that support the true Dixiecrats frantically looking for a candidate to beat him. A few weeks ago Long risked turning another group of nominal supporters into opponents by coming out against his Uncle Earl Long's faction and in favor of Representative Hale Boggs for the governorship. Uncle Earl uttered a loud complaint, but ended by asking Louisianans to forgive Russell on the score of his youth.

Dixiecrat Club

Louisiana contains many Dixiecrats, a term which when used accurately means Southerners anxious to turn the controversy over the Truman civil rights program into a club to kill the whole Fair Deal. Technically, only one present member of the Senate threw his lot in with the States' Rights party of Thurmond and Wright; he is James Eastland of Mississippi.

Eastland, though less vocal, is the one member of the Southern bloc whose extreme fanaticism parallels that of Republicans McCarthy, Jenner, and Welker, or of Nevada's Patrick McCarran, who is a law unto himself. In the witch hunting McCarthy and McCarran have perfected, Eastland is the only ardent Southern ally. But the entire Southern delegation, except for Estes Kefauver, has been as supine as the G.O.P. about any efforts to curb McCarthyism.

If "Dixiecrat" is to be used symbolically, however, then it would also embrace Byrd, McClellan, Hoey, Smith, perhaps Stennis, and, less fairly, Robertson. (It depends on where you sit: In Washington, Stennis often appears a half-Dixiecrat; in Mississippi, true Dixiecrats have told me he is only a "half-Mississippian," meaning that he is more like such up-North Senators as George of Georgia.)

The look of Judge Lynch with which Northern cartoonists have often portrayed the Southern Senator fits only a very few. But there is one common spirit remotely akin to this which often draws the group together. Its exhibition has done perhaps more than anything else to support the Northern caricature.

That spirit is the willingness shown by the Dixie bloc to use numbers, power, committee chairmanships, seniority, the rules of the Senate, their demonstrated parliamentary abilities, or anything at all to crack down hard on the President. They are more than willing to remind Mr. Truman now and then that if he can't live with them, he can't live without them either.

Cold, factual examples of this cracking down are less illuminating than the atmosphere generated. The Southerners' private irritation at Mr. Truman over his slowness to use controls in 1950, as an instance, made them vote against new controls late in June. But do you let the house burn down because the fire chief was slow to bring the hose? And who but the Republicans would profit if the voters ended by blaming Truman?

Truman's Worst Defeat

The crackdown most disastrous to Truman occurred at the beginning of the present Senate session. The natural leader of the Southern Democrats, Senator Russell of Georgia, found it impossible to take the majority leadership in January. But just because the Southerners, with their veteran colleagues from the Mountain States, had the votes, they gave the leadership to one of their common denominators, Senator Ernest McFarland of Arizona. Either O'Mahoney of Wyoming or Sparkman of Alabama could have led with more vigor than McFarland, and certainly either would have had more natural affinity for the Truman program.

President Truman has been fond of blaming his troubles on a Republican-Southern Democratic coalition. The Majority Leaders themselves, from Barkley to Lucas to McFarland, have blamed theirs on the fact that they had no Democratic majority to lead. Truman has a great responsibility for this situation, though he has made many overtures recently to individual members of Congress. But the Southerners are equally to blame. If they are willing to use their power, they should accept the responsibility that comes with it. They are fond of talking about doing things in an orderly way. There is nothing orderly about refusing to let the Administration have anything but a nominal leader.

That the Southerners can assume responsibility comparable to their power was abundantly demonstrated at this session by their ablest parliamentarian, Russell, in his masterful and patriotic handling of the MacArthur controversy. When politics showed up at the hearings, he jerked the rug from under it. And by his fairness, his endurance, and his skill, he simply wore out one of the most dangerous controversies ever to hit the country.

Inferiority Complex?

It is amusing and even sometimes thrilling to watch the Southern Democrats coalesce for an act of vengeance or of sheer exuberance at the Northern Democrats' expense. But it is never amusing for long, and it is occasionally reduces able men to the level of either brutality or vulgarity. A psychiatrist might conclude he was watching the actions of small boys suffering from an inferiority complex.

Man for man, the Southern Democratic Senators are among the ablest in the Senate. And the South has long since established its importance in the nation. It is time for the Southern Senators to relax.

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Kansas Picks Up the Pieces

The people of the Missouri Basin are all opposed to floods, but still far from unanimous on how to prevent them

ROBERT LASCH

To all outward appearances, Kansas is a flat state. The traveler who uses it as a highway to the Rockies or the Southwest sees Kansas as a vast tilted plain, carpeted with golden wheat and waving corn, its white grain elevators etched sharply against a pallid sky, an enormous steppe stretching wide and unpeopled to the horizon.

The traveler pays them little heed, but there are rivers in Kansas. Modest, unobtrusive and placid, the broad sandy beds fringed with cottonwood amble across the plain—the Smoky Hill, the Saline, the Solomon; the Delaware and Neosho and Verdigris; the Marais des Cygnes, the Kaw, the Republican, the Big Blue. They are not impressive rivers, because most of them rise west of the official line dividing semi-arid territory from the eastern half of the nation. West of that line the normal annual rainfall is less than thirty inches.

In June and July of 1951, Kansas received more than thirty inches of rain within six weeks. Late in May, a low-pressure area had settled down over the whole Middle West. It centered in Kansas. For nearly two months the weather did not change. Moist air, channeled up the low-pressure trough from the Gulf, met cool winds from the Rockies over the middle of Kansas, and it rained.

It rained night after night, day after day. There were storms of six and seven inches within twenty-four hours. Great sheets of water gushed from a sodden sky, saturated the soil, washed down the gullies, filled up the creeks.

Kansas is used to a certain amount of moisture in May and June. But this year the timetable of the elements went awry. The low-pressure area which ordinarily would have moved on eastward after a week or so now hung over the plains like a shroud. The branches overflowed, then the creeks, then the rivers. The people in the river towns cleaned up after one flood and then watched the waters of the second wash back the lavalike mass of silt and mud. Many streams went out of their banks three and four times.

The Crest

Then came the second week in July. One night eleven inches of rainfall fell in Manhattan, in northeastern Kansas, just as the Kaw River was receding from an earlier flood. Down all the fingers of the Kaw system, which feeds into the Missouri at Kansas City, tumbled mounting torrents. They met at the forks and combined into a raging flood which brought to eastern Kansas its worst disaster of the kind.

Manhattan, site of Kansas State College, saw its business district all but destroyed. Sixty miles eastward, Topeka, the state capital, just had time to evacuate twenty thousand residents north of the river before the muddy tide demolished the levees and rushed across the flats, tumbling houses and bridges and boxcars before it. In the country the raging river tore up crops, marooned livestock on rooftops, and deposited silt post-high across the cornfields.

At first, Kansas City thought its dikes would hold. They had been built after

Wide World

Runaway oil tanks became floating incendiaries

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the flood of 1903, and had been added to in recent years. The central industrial district, lying on the lowlands at the state line between the two Kansas Citys, had weathered previous storms under the protection of these thirty-foot barriers. But this year a twenty-foot wall of water came down atop a brimming river, roared into the chute formed by the levees, and swiftly broke into the district. Kansas City took the brunt. Meat-packing plants, rail yards, grain elevators, stockyards, oil refineries and industrial plants went under water that rose as high as the second-story windows. Two large residential sections housing factory workers were inundated. Huge oil tanks broke loose and bobbed on the water like channel buoys. One tank crashed into a building, exploded, and started a fire that raged for days.

Because the worst of the rains centered on Kansas and not on Nebraska or the Dakotas, the Missouri River, which turns eastward after being joined by the Kaw at Kansas City, fortunately was not as high as it might have been. The Kaw flood alone proved too much for the Missouri to handle. All across Missouri, the river spread out from bluff to bluff until to air travelers like President Truman (who presently flew out from Washington) it looked like one continuous lake. In the river towns, men worked without rest to sandbag the dikes, and then saw their labors swept away. Farmers near St. Louis organized fleets of combines to harvest their wheat by night. Yet here too the levees failed to hold; railroad embankments were undermined and shattered; rich topsoil was washed away to be replaced by drifts of sterile sand; homes and shops were ruined and industries wiped out.

The Accounting

At length the crest rounded the great bend north of St. Louis, swelled the Mississippi, and headed downstream to the Gulf—back where the waters had come from. Slowly the Missouri, the Kaw, and their tributaries subsided. The people turned to the dismal task of shoveling up the muck that covered streets and floors and fields and highways. As the shock wore off, they began figuring losses. Twenty-two persons had lost their lives. More than two million acres had been inundated. Property worth $990 million had been destroyed.

The more they thought about it, the angrier the people of the valley became. For it was not as if this had been the first flood. In the last nine years the Missouri Valley had seen nine serious floods, which had cost, at a conservative estimate, $1.5 billion.

For $1.5 billion, people said, you could buy quite a lot of flood protection. The Army Engineers and other Federal agencies had, in fact, spent almost as much on the Missouri Basin already; but most of it had gone for navigation works, for levees that could not hold a major flood, for dams and reservoirs as yet only partially completed.

Inevitably, the cry of "Never again!" rang through the valley. There were mass meetings, indignant newspaper editorials, flying visits by Congressmen, angry committee conferences. And inevitably, much of the talk centered on preventing the flood that had just happened. Perhaps never again in a hundred years would a low-pressure area dump so much water on the Kansas river system, yet men's minds fastened on hastily building a control apparatus for one portion of the Missouri Basin that would do nothing to check floods in the other sections.

The Solution

People in the Missouri Valley have been talking about flood control for years. Some of them talk about controlling floods by soil conservation—by terracing hills, contour plowing, gully-stopping, and building little dams far up the tributaries. Some talk of dikes and levees at the location of valuable property. Some talk of big dams on the main streams, to be saved for the day when the flood comes. Some talk of multiple-purpose reservoirs, to be used for irrigation, power, navigation, and flood control.

Out of such talk after the 1943 and 1944 floods came the Flood Control Act of 1944, in which Congress laid down the policy of protecting this and other valleys from such disasters. Out of the current talk will doubtless come appropriations for dams that have heretofore been held up by "economy" orders designed to direct most of the national resources into armaments. Yet neither the talk nor the appropriations will solve the Missouri Valley's great problem, which is no less than the problem of exactly how a vast river system is to be tamed and turned to beneficial use. Everybody wants the river tamed, but each wants it tamed in his own way. Until the valley people can agree, there

Wide World

Victims the casualty lists couldn't count

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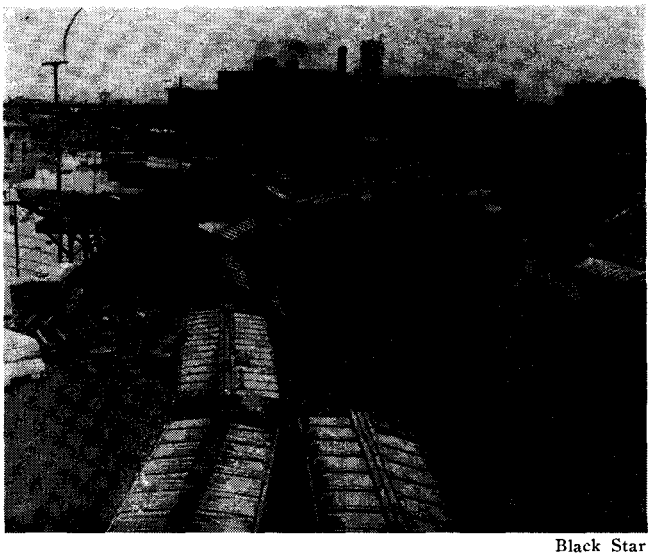

Black Star

". . . tumbling houses and bridges and boxcars before it."

will be wasted funds, halting progress, bureaucratic infighting, and recurrent floods.

The clean, logical, straightforward, economical way to tame the Missouri is to set up a public corporation, a regional agency that will bring all the strands into one mighty cord and develop the basin's water resources for the maximum benefit of the people. In this enterprise, flood control would be a result, but beneficial use of resources the moving cause. A single regional arm of the Federal government would set itself all the many tasks of control and development—of retarding water runoff at the source, saving soil, storing water for irrigation in the dry areas, generating cheap power, maintaining a navigation channel downstream, composing interstate disputes.

Perhaps this plan is too logical, too sound. For it would necessarily follow the pattern of the Tennessee Valley Authority (which has virtually eliminated floods on the Tennessee), and TVA is a symbol of New-Dealing Democracy to the predominantly Republican Missouri Valley.

A Republican farmer in Nebraska or a Republican businessman in Kansas City, swayed by the hot political emotions generated by eighteen years of Democratic Administration in Washington, views the proposed Missouri Valley Authority as a despicable form of "socialism." He will support—indeed, vehemently demand—the expenditure of billions for flood control and for irrigation and navigation by the established agencies of government in Washington; but when it is suggested that the same funds be spent for the same purposes by a regional agency located in the valley, he sees Red. This may not be logic, but it represents political reality.

Vested Bureaucratic Interests

Part of the political reality centers in the power of two Federal agencies, with attendant lobbies and Congressional blocs which share their vested interest in long-established river-control functions. The big river development agencies are the Army Engineers and the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation. Each has developed an alliance of adherents in the areas it serves. Each has developed a bloc of faithful Congressmen. When a river problem arises, the Army Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation wheel their forces into line to protect their interests and, if possible, to expand their field of operations.

Since the Missouri Basin embraces both the semi-arid area which has traditionally belonged to the Bureau of Reclamation and the downriver precincts staked out by the Army Engineers, the two were obliged to form a cartel. When the floods of 1943 and 1944 precipitated a movement for establishment of a Missouri Valley Authority, the agencies hastily married their river plans and produced the Pick-Sloan Plan, named for the Chief of Army Engineers and for a former Reclamation Bureau field director.

For all practical purposes this is the official plan for bringing the Missouri Basin under control. Under it, the two agencies have made various engineering compromises, the Army changing its views on certain dams in return for concessions from Reclamation on others. It is doubtful whether such compromises are as desirable in the field of engineering as they are in politics, but at least the two groups have reached a working arrangement that will permit the physical structures needed for river control to be built.

If Congress appropriates the funds, there is little doubt that the Pick-Sloan plan, about forty per cent of which has been started, can physically control the river, though probably with considerable wasteful expenditure as compared with the operations of a single body that does not have to pay the costs of interagency competition. The great flood of 1951 would not have happened if the Kaw River section of Pick-Sloan's 105 dams had been completed. But water-resource development, of which flood control is but one incidental aspect, involves much more than physical construction. How well Pick-Sloan will hang together when the problem becomes one of administration, of reconciling conflicting water uses, of applying a basic philosophy to a many-sided program, remains a mystery.

Political reality must eventually give way to ultimate reality—that the Missouri system is one river, one valley, one region.

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Oil, Rugs, Blackmail

ALEXANDER MELAMID

NOW THAT Iranians and Britons are again treating each other civilly, it is possible to reconstruct what lay behind the earlier, rougher phase of the dispute. Each side was trying a sort of economic blackmail, but neither had quite enough on the other to work it. The Iranians now realize that the West, if it absolutely must, can do without their oil. The West understands that Iran, if it has to, can get along without oil royalties.

It is not that either oil or royalties are unimportant. "In a fully functioning economy no industry is more important than the oil industry," a U.S. Congressional committee announced shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War. The committee, of course, referred to the United States, which accounts for over half of the world's output of petroleum. This is consumed, together with small imports, in over forty-eight million motor vehicles and in countless other private and public uses.

But there are other countries, where motorcars are nearly as scarce as camels are here, with few or no refineries, to whose economy petroleum is even more important today. These are the states of the Persian Gulf and Caribbean areas, with large, easily accessible petroleum resources, which have practically nothing else to sell.

Consider Iran: Normally over eighty per cent of its exports consist of crude petroleum and its refined products. Its next most important export items are rugs and carpets, which contribute only about three per cent of total Iranian export revenue. Or Kuwait, the small independent sheikdom near the head of the Persian Gulf, which before 1946—and oil sales—figured in international trade solely by virtue of a few exportable Arabian horses. Or Saudi Arabia, which makes its foreign income from oil plus the pilgrim traffic to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. The independent sheikdom of Qatar, the world's newest prolific petroleum-producing state, appears to have had no exports at all before the discovery of its oil.

For these countries, royalties (payments per ton produced), profit-participation schemes, and miscellaneous petroleum revenues, such as taxes and duties, represent the bulk of governmental revenues. They are easily collected in foreign currency or gold, without the employment of hordes of income-tax inspectors. The actual importance of this income in the national budgets can only be guessed, for all these countries appear unwilling to release government revenue statistics. But just as important as the size of petroleum receipts is their reliability: Only out of them can the police, army, and civil servants rely on regular pay—a feature of government usually not known in such countries prior to the advent of oil. Moreover, railroads, factories, and agricultural development schemes are being financed or subsidized out of oil income.

The question next arises as to whether these countries could survive if oil funds were partly or completely cut off—and whether the buying countries could do without their oil.

Can We Do Without Them?

The buyers' alternatives are to buy elsewhere, cut down consumption, or both. As far as Iranian oil goes, the world's largest oil companies have already announced that they can replace both crude oil and refined petroleum products normally forthcoming from Iran without causing shortages anywhere. Further, even before the Iranian conflict became acute, a U.S. Congressional committee concluded that a slight relaxation of present U. S. interstate crude-oil production regulations could easily replace quantities of oil much larger than those produced in Iran, and that such additional quantities could be refined here without delay. Finally, even very modified rationing in this country would cut down consumption by a substantially larger amount. The size of the U.S. petroleum industry explains the ease with which all these adjustments can be made. Similar arrangements on a smaller scale could be made in other western countries.

Obviously, such measures would amount to a considerable interference with the economy. Any conflict regarding the foreign sales of petroleum-producing countries would therefore be a rope-pulling contest with one side suffering from higher costs and economic disruptions, while the other would face a substantial, if not complete, loss of both foreign and public revenue. If other petroleum-producing countries, such as the Arab states or Venezuela, decided to join the Iranian game, this would merely force the opponents to replace additional quantities of petroleum, or to operate on less liquid energy. Again, a Congressional committee has concluded that the whole of Middle Eastern petroleum production could, in an emergency, be replaced by the United States and its close allies, although at a considerable cost, particularly in steel.

Can They Do Without Us?

As for the selling countries, why couldn't they simply return to economic conditions as they existed before the petroleum era? Many of their leaders have hoped for such a turn of events, even though it is hard to imagine that the export of rugs or horses today will pay for foreign medicines which, once known, are demanded—for fear of death or disease is universal. The return to a previous epoch is probably nothing but a daydream, but the belief in this possibility gives these nations great temporary strength in any argument regarding their natural resources. In contrast, the complicated economies of the opposing nations would start to squeak and groan almost at once—which might induce companies or governments to call a halt in the contest, provided no fear of war were involved.

That was the underlying strength in Iran's gamble. It took Averell Harriman's mission several anxious days to acquaint the Iranian government with the real position. The conflict is not yet over, for the decisive cause is not oil, which can be taken care of, nor revenue, but the national psychology of the opponents, conditioned by their economic beliefs and their outlook on war.

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The Timid Ambassador

How conscience has almost made a coward of the American abroad

WALLACE STEGNER

THERE WAS ONCE a time when the American traveler, happily uninoculated and unvaccinated, immune to nothing and eager for everything, insatiably curious and often loud but always welcome, could go cheerfully banging around the Near, Middle, and Far East with his heart the lightest item in his baggage. And how many things there used to be to laugh at: foreign money, foreign clothes, foreign food, foreign childishness, foreign backwardness, foreign butcherings of the English language, foreign politics and foreign potentates and foreign plumbing.

Nowadays the man with the camera case around his neck is a chastened character. His good humor and his cheerful willingness to laugh at anything different from himself are no more. Conscience has made cowards of us all. If one is tempted even for a moment toward the deliberate, prejudiced, outrageous, humorous provinciality that used to be our stock in trade as travelers, our defense against foreign travelers' criticisms of *us,* and actually half the fun of traveling, the dour modern conscience backlashes us and makes us ashamed. In this connection I think instantly of Mister Singh.

Mister Singh was a Sikh with a lavender turban, beautiful glossy curly whiskers and a white, white Indian smile. When he appeared in his Norfolk jacket to pick us up at our Delhi hotel for a three-day automobile tour of Agra and Jaipur I thought he must be the travel agent, but he turned out to be only the driver. He moved with such dignity and his beard was so parted and curled that he struck us with awe; we huddled into the back seat of his big old Buick limousine and hardly dared address him.

Some of the awe wore off him when, just out of Delhi, he stopped briefly and went behind the car to ease himself. When he returned he had put on his whisker net, which bound down the careful parts of his beard and strapped in the careful curls of his mustaches and made him look a good deal like a Disney sheep dog with a toothache. Some more gloss came off after an hour or two because he was having a love affair with the horn.

Hornblower's Voyages

We suggested that he had a real loud horn there, loud enough so that a little toot went a long way, but that only made him bear down in an innocent and delighted way to show it off. Finally we asked him flatly to lay off it. He gave us a friendly, flashing, doubtful glance, trying to appreciate our humor, as if we had directed him to shut off the motor and drive along without it for a while. For a mile or two he was a sport: He played our game. But then a bullock cart showed up at the far edge of the horizon and his hand leaped to the horn button like the clapper to an electric bell, and we didn't have the heart to keep after him.

This is one of the things Mark Twain never got around to doing about world travel, this of the horn, because he was never so unfortunate as to drive anywhere in the East in an automobile. One day of Asia or Egypt makes the fabled hustle-and-bustle of American cities seem like a far green meadow with only the thread of a meadowlark's song to break the quiet. If Mark Twain had stayed, say, at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo and heard that nightmare howling and hooting going past in the street day and night, twenty-four hours a day, every one of hundreds of drivers riding his horn and leaning out his window to yell at the man ahead, and scared donkeys braying like muted violins under this full orchestral row, he would not have been deterred, as I am, by conscience. He would have skinned the Egyptian driver, and the Egyptian law which plays into his hands by making it compulsory to warn a victim before you hit him. If you kill a pedestrian in Egypt without warning him first, you are automatically guilty, so you warn everybody and hit those you can. Mr. Singh, without an Egyptian's legal pretext, nevertheless felt the same way about his horn.

God help the slow or the crippled when that turbaned head and those netted whiskers, showing above the cowl like the helmeted head of a jet pilot boring in at six hundred miles an hour, loomed at the edge of a village. On the rough, graveled highway Mister Singh drove a conservative fifty, only speeding up when he had to pass a camel or a string of bullock carts. But through the villages he made up for lost time.

A hundred yards from the outskirts he would take his hand briefly off the horn, the better to surprise people, and put his foot firmly down on the accelerator. In every village there was a

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wide place between the huts, a kind of central square, generally with a turn. In this there would always be a dozen dogs, scores of humpbacked cattle, clots of sunk-headed, switching, mud-colored water buffalo, thousands of chickens, a few peacocks, perhaps some monkeys, and fifty or a hundred people, all sitting or squatting or nursing or pecking or sniffing or sleeping or drawing water into brass *lotas*. Just at the edge of the village Mister Singh would hit his horn, and they would begin to scatter, but not fast enough, never fast enough.

All through India we had a feeling that perhaps people were too undernourished to react fast. We hung to the robe rail and froze with horror as we swooped into the square with the horn howling. Old men, blind men, children, mothers, scrambled to last-minute safety, and we saw their wondering, un-angry faces whip past, and the air was full of chickens and feathers and dust, and once we took a peacock on the wing as neatly as if the Buick had been a shotgun loaded with goose shot. Wheeling through, our tires howling as loud as the horn, we would swing and skid and rocket into the straightaway, and in the country again we could relax weakly as Mister Singh slowed down to fifty.

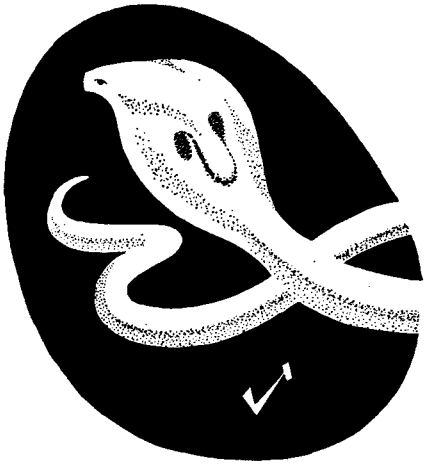
Score: Singh 3, Fauna 0

In one village a bitch with nursing pups didn't quite move in time, and we left behind us a thin, nerve-tightening yiping. A little later one of the big black herd dogs of northern India saw us coming down a straight stretch between two villages, and took off at an angle to head us off. Neither dog nor Mister Singh swerved or slowed. We met with a solid, voiceless *whomp!* and the car boiled on ahead of its pillared dust. Mister Singh turned his head and gave us his curving, white-toothed smile. "He is dying," he said.

We yelled at him to slow down, that we had had enough of hitting things. Surprised but obedient, he slowed down, but then for miles there were no more villages, and we went at thirty-five across Jaipur State and the Punjab.

"All I remember of that part of the trip," says my son's journal, "is the prissy smile of the camels." He had plenty of opportunity to observe them as we crept past, but we would not for a hundred dollars have told Mister Singh to step on it.

By the time we got back to Cecil's Hotel we were a little cool on him; we would, in fact, have cut his throat for four annas. But there he stood at the door of the car after unloading our bags, smiling his beautiful smile, his whole posture full of an air of duty well done, his whiskers gleaming like a blackbird's wing; and I weakened. Instead of giving him the bawling out



he deserved, I gave him a tip, and in the middle of giving him the tip I added a few rupees for fear of letting my irritation lead me into a scene. I did not want any respectful suggestions that the tip was too small.

But then Mister Singh put his money away without counting it and asked me for a recommendation, one of those letters that Roman guides, Egyptian dragomans, Indian snake charmers, and other criminals are always pulling out of their pockets as proofs of their probity. They are always signed by Mrs. J. F. Fredericks of Pittsburgh, Pa., or Howard T. McGrath of Englewood, N. J.—such trapped boobies as you and me—and they always say that being guided by Saleeb or Sherif or Moonisami has been the highlight of the trip, or that Mohammed Ali's snake charming seems absolutely authentic, or they ask Ram Krishna to meet their daughter's boat at Bombay and see that she is as well taken care of as they were two years ago.

Reference

This was an opportunity I had not counted on. I wrote Mister Singh a brief, factual note, serene in the knowledge that he read no English. The note said:

To whom it may concern: The bearer, Mister Singh, has been our driver for three days. We can recommend him as expert, though a little unlucky. During the time he worked for us he struck and killed two dogs, two chickens, and a peacock, but I was in a position to watch him closely, and I know that with any luck at all he would have added to this modest bag a woman and child in Fatehpur Sikri, a blind man in the outskirts of Old Delhi, and two wayfarers and their camel in the Punjab.

He might even have got an elephant in Jaipur except that at the moment of the encounter he was grounded, fixing a flat tire, and so deprived of his weapon. He can be depended upon to try very hard, and to be cheerful even when luck is not with him.

I gave him this and he thanked me and went away, and then my conscience began to work on me. Probably Mister Singh, in spite of his Norfolk jacket and the elegance of his turban, did not have ten rupees to his name. He looked like a man who would need many wives, and that might mean a dozen or more children. If he showed the note to any tourist, he would be shunned as if he had smallpox. If he showed it to his boss it might cost him his job.

And anyway, had Mister Singh been wholly to blame? As his employer, I could have given him orders any time, and held him to them. Since I hadn't I was as responsible as he was. Or perhaps it was impossible to drive any other way in India. Perhaps if you slow down in a village the chickens and peacocks and monkeys and water buffalo and cows and children and women and old men and beggars simply swarm over you like ants over a dead bug, and leave only your stripped chassis for the Deccan wind to sigh through.

Guilt

I imagined Mister Singh on the streets, his jacket sadly out at the elbows, wondering what had happened, how the blow had fallen, and I knew that if he ever found out he would hate all Americans. I might have made him a Communist with that wretched note. Across the cold gap of thirty years I heard the voice of my eighth grade home-room teacher when she found I had drawn Dundreary whiskers on all

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the national heroes in my history book: "Irres*pon*sible, Wallace!" Irresponsible indeed. But the only thing I could do now was resolve to lead a better and kindlier life, be a good ambassador, and shed good will if it killed me.

Still, that resolve and the pricking of my conscience never got me to where I liked Mister Singh, or stopped seeing in him a sinister representative of the hypocritical Indian who preached nonviolence and squashed dogs. The thought of him stirs my indignation even now. In the old irresponsible days I could have written an article about him and fixed his wagon good and wound up feeling pretty mellow toward the bloodthirsty scoundrel.

The Unhappy Rich Boy

Alas, the condition of being an American, which makes me a natural victim, also makes me unable to squawk, because everything I say, in the present hypersensitive state of the world, may cause ill feeling, bitterness, international complications. In addition to being fair game for every sharper in Asia, I am under suspicion as an economic imperialist, so that even to my Indian friends I cannot air this provincial and prejudiced irritability at being played for a sucker. I must sit and read in the papers about the American big-business civilization, with all its vices, and keep my mouth shut.

A bewildered rich boy in the tough gang's neighborhood, the American these days creeps and smiles and is painfully responsible, and hates the thought that he is not liked, and probably exaggerates the amount of ill will toward him and his country, and fails to count accurately the hundreds and thousands of Asians with whom he has had contact who are as bewildered, responsible, uncertain, and bent on good will as he is.

Dull as it is, responsibility must finally come even to the most provincial of us. Asia is no longer a white man's playground or an American's oyster, but a revolutionary, troubled, deprived, overmanned, underdeveloped, and underendowed continent, dangerous and often disagreeable instead of quaint and picturesque, and bound to be dealt with on equal terms. Only when we can laugh at each other as equals can we get funny again about our differences or the irritations of dealing with each other.

Stalin's Melting Pot

The many minority peoples of the U.S.S.R. have been a Politburo problem for years

HARRY SCHWARTZ

THE JEWS IN THE SOVIET UNION, by Solomon M. Schwarz, *xviii plus 380 pages. Syracuse University Press, $5.00.*

HERE IS the first large-scale attempt in English to throw the light of careful, detailed scholarship on an aspect of the problem of minorities in the U.S.S.R. Dr. Schwarz, a veteran student of the Soviet Union, is particularly qualified as a linguist and social scientist to study the status of Jews in Russia. But it would be a mistake to think that this book is concerned only with the Jews. It is an introduction to one of the most thorny issues in Soviet life: the relationships among the many different nationalities living in Russia, and especially those between the most important minority groups—of whom the Jews are only one among many—and the dominant Great Russian people.

On July 2, *Pravda,* in an unusual burst of candor, declared editorially that so long as the friendship of the different peoples of the U.S.S.R. remained firm, the Soviet Union need fear no enemies. When *Pravda's* editors accept this proposition, they presumably accept another which it implies: If the different peoples of the U.S.S.R. actively dislike each other and yearn for independence, then the Soviet state is internally weak and open to serious subversion, particularly in the event of war.

These propositions are far from academic. It is no secret that an important phase of the world civil war is psychological warfare between East and West. If active or latent tension between different Soviet nationalities is widespread then, obviously, the stimulation of this tension becomes an important objective to those who direct psychological warfare for our side. If such tensions are unimportant, then the available propaganda resources can be more profitably employed in other directions. Accurate assessment on this matter would be even more important than it is today if open hostilities should break out.

Unfortunately the importance of the matter is matched only by the lack of clarity regarding it. The policymakers must rely for guidance upon the "experts" and the specialists, but even among these there is no agreement. One reason is that the whole question of relationships among Soviet nationalities has been rather neglected by researchers. Another factor is the great diversity of evidence and opinion one finds in the sources and source material, a diversity whose resolution is made no easier by the heat and ex-

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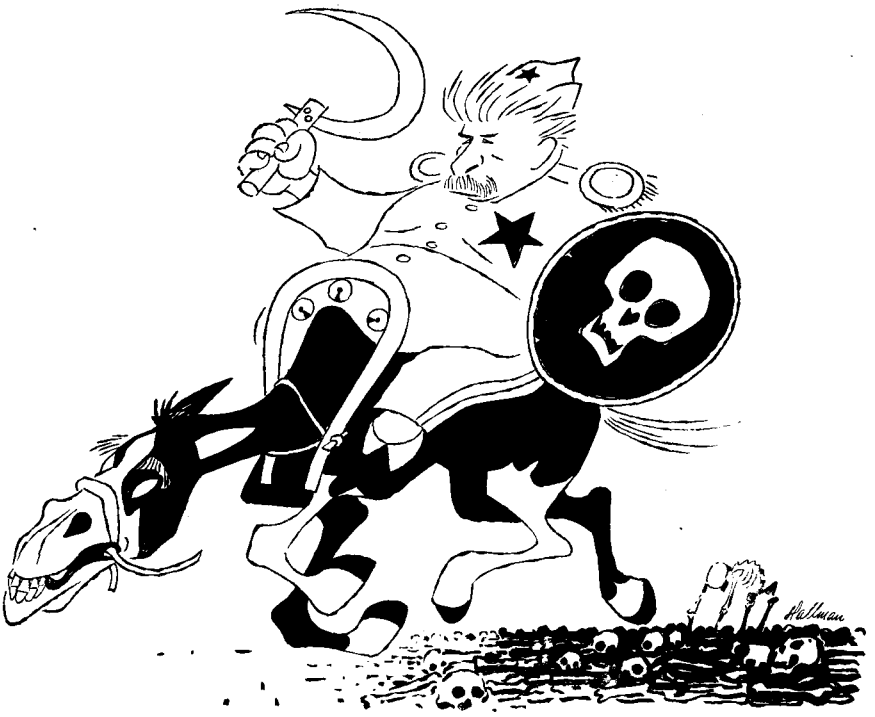
travagance which mark the utterances of some groups concerned with the question. These groups, looking toward the possible destiny of the Soviet peoples in some future day when the Communist dictatorship may be overthrown, are naturally interested in influencing American policy and public opinion in the direction of their own cherished objectives.

U. S. Policy

To illustrate the confusion on this matter, one might note that since the beginning of this year State Department spokesmen have at different times taken positions which look suspiciously contradictory. One statement given to Congress made it clear that this country is against the dismemberment of Russia and implied that we place no great hope in inflaming anti-Russian sentiments among Soviet minority groups. George Kennan, writing in *Foreign Affairs* last spring, emphasized the economic interdependence of the different Soviet areas, particularly between the Ukraine and Russia proper, and clearly held up a stop signal against those who would put primary importance on minority dissatisfaction in the U.S.S.R. Yet early this summer Secretary of State Acheson delivered himself of a resounding attack upon historic Russian imperialism, an attack which seemed in some quarters to imply that we regarded an area conquered by the Czars three or four hundred years ago in the same light as the Baltic States taken over again little more than a decade ago. Finally, it is only about a year since the Voice of America began broadcasting to the U.S.S.R. in the languages of some of the chief minorities. But even in doing so the State Department has tried to make it clear at times —as in the case of Georgian broadcasts —that we are not seeking to stimulate minority revolts.

Back of these contradictory tendencies, and explaining them, are facts. First, there is the national diversity of the Soviet peoples. The largest group is the Great Russians, whose Czars, by conquest and intrigue, formed the vast Russia of 1913, a Russia whose territory has been regained and expanded under Joseph Stalin. But these Great Russians are only about half of the Soviet Union's 200 million people. Roughly a dozen other major groups



comprise the great bulk of non-Great Russians. The largest numerically are two Slavic groups, the Ukrainians and the White Russians. But then there is also an important family of Moslem nations: the Uzbeks, Turkmenians, Tadzhiks, Kazakhs, Azerbaijanians, and the like. Besides these Slavs and Moslems there are individual important nationalities or groups, including Armenians, Balts, Jews, Georgians, Finns, and Germans.

. . . and Soviet Policy

A second major fact is the celebrated Soviet nationalities policy, whose alleged enlightenment and tolerance have been major talking points for Communist propaganda over the world. Unlike the Czars, who tried to Russify western minorities, persecuted others, and ignored the more backward groups, the Soviet government early began to carry out a more or less consistent policy which, in theory at least, sounded very good. This policy was compounded of formal equality for all peoples, encouragement for each group to develop its own culture in its own language—but with a Soviet-approved content for all, and help for the more backward groups to assist their rise toward cultural parity with all others. Officially, at least, racial intolerance and discrimination were outlawed.

The third key fact is the continued Great Russian dominance of what is now the Soviet Union. Although Stalin is a Georgian, his régime is as much pro-Great Russian as the Austrian Hitler's régime was pro-German. Great Russians are a majority in the Politburo and hold most key party and government posts. Great Russian culture is officially extolled as the most advanced in the world, the one which all other minority cultures must emulate. In the postwar Soviet version of scientific history, it is always Great Russians who were the inventors or discoverers of the airplane, the radio, or penicillin.

Fourth and last, we know that minority tension and separatist thinking have been important at times in the Soviet past and perhaps in the present as well. Many Ukrainians and Georgians had to be overcome by force of arms after 1917 when they tried for independence, while the Baltic States remained free of Russia from 1917 to 1940. In the late 1930's, many leaders of Soviet national republics were executed or disappeared because they were suspected of harboring separatist ideas. During the Second World War some nationalities—such as the Crimean Tatars—went over wholeheartedly to the Germans. Many Ukrainians greeted the Germans as liberators until they felt the impact of Nazi *Herrenvolk* policy. Since 1945 Moscow has been busy rooting out "bourgeois nationalist" heresy among

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its minorities, with emphasis upon intellectuals who idealize the past and glorify even leaders who fought the Russians before they were conquered. Finally Stalin, in a famous 1945 toast to the Great Russians, made it clear that he regarded them as responsible for victory in the war, implying that his backing from others had been much less firm.

Dismemberment

Against this background one group of policymakers tends to discount minority feeling and tension in the U.S.S.R. It believes that for the rank and file of Soviet citizens national identification is only a minor factor in motivation, far inferior to the urge to become assimilated and identified with the dominant Great Russian group and culture. It argues that active discontent is important only among the intellectuals of minority groups and that these cannot influence opinion because even they must conform in their writings. Those who hold this opinion attribute the observed defections of the Second World War much more to discontent with the Kremlin's policy toward the peasantry than to real national feeling. This group fears that active American support of émigré groups pressing for separatist solutions would antagonize the Great Russian half of the Soviet population and make it rally around the Stalin régime as the protector of their heritage.

At the other extreme from this view are those—including most vociferously many Ukrainian groups but also others —who assert that the most important minorities actively resent subjection to the Great Russians. They argue that America must support separatist aspirations and seek to inflame them immediately in order to weaken Stalin and make him hesitate to subject the U.S.S.R. to another trial of arms and morale such as that of 1941-1945. In their view, only by stringent repression —particularly by such measures as the exile of millions of suspected Balts and Ukrainians to Siberia—does the Kremlin prevent its multinational state from flying apart. The Ukrainians in this group argue that a Ukrainian resistance army is fighting a guerrilla warfare against Soviet troops to this day and that it should be provided with arms and other supplies. Stalin, these people say, is the successor of the Russian Czars and will be backed by the Great Russians regardless of what we do.

The Case of the Jews

Dr. Schwarz makes it plain that all easy and simple generalizations about Soviet policy toward the Jews and other minorities are false. As he traces the tortuous evolution and change of Soviet policy toward the Jews, it becomes clear that the classic Communist cliché about anti-Semitism having been abolished in Russia is as inadequate as the Hitlerite canard that the Soviet Revolution was a Jewish revolution and the U.S.S.R. is run by the Jews.

The Bolshevik Revolution wiped out the economic base of Russian Jewry by abolishing the merchant and artisan groups which largely composed it. But simultaneously the revolution ended the old restrictions, opened the doors of schools and government institutions freely to Jews as to others, and liberated energies formerly turned inward for want of opportunity. Communist policy toward the Jews at first was complicated by the fact that there were virtually no Jewish Communists who could communicate with their brethren in Yiddish. The leading Soviet Jews of whom so much has been made were completely Russified and often uninterested in the problems of Jews as Jews.

As Dr. Schwarz draws the picture, Soviet policy toward the Jews fluctuated both because of uncertainty of aims—ranging from establishment of a Jewish region in Birobidzhan to fostering complete assimilation and disappearance of Jews as a group—and because of changes in the internal and external pressures on the régime. As a result there were times when the government tried, with some degree of earnestness, to combat anti-Semitism, but there were periods also more recently when the government probably contributed to anti-Semitism. There was a time when the government trusted Jews on a par with others; more recently Jews have been eliminated from sensitive positions, particularly in the foreign service. The Jewish problem has not been solved in Russia; from some points of view it is more tense now than in many earlier periods. Though its methods are less crude than the Russifying tactics of the Czars, the state is resolutely set on the path of assimilation.

The Jewish problem has not been solved. Has the Ukrainian problem or the Uzbek problem or the Estonian problem been solved? Jewish life in the U.S.S.R. has had its own peculiar complexities and difficulties, augmented by the rise of Zionist sentiment in recent years, but such complexities and difficulties exist also with respect to each of the other primary nationalities. Obviously, generalization is treacherous here in the absence of adequate information, but it is significant that much of the scanty evidence

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points in the same direction for other minorities as this book does with respect to the Jews.

Our policymakers will certainly do well to read Dr. Schwarz's volume carefully. And when they have finished they can do far worse than act on the tentative hypothesis that nationality tensions are real and important phenomena in the U.S.S.R. By so doing they will move in the direction of calling for self-determination of Soviet minorities, a position which will avoid guaranteeing the inviolability of Stalinist Russia forever and will also avoid a "dismemberment" policy that would unify half or more of Stalin's subjects in defense of Russian destiny.

Not Scales but a Cleaver

If Herblock ever discovers two sides to a political question, he can be depended on to sharpen both to a razor edge

BEVERLEY BOWIE

If they ever get around to passing out decorations to heroes of the cold war, a medal for Distinguished Deflation, with Crossed Harpoons, might well be struck for a gangling, sad-eyed, forty-one-year-old cartoonist by the name of Herbert Lawrence Block (Herblock to everyone but his mother). The mere mention of his name brings an appreciative grin to the harassed features of Assistant Secretary of State Edward Barrett, who's in charge of America's overseas information campaign, "Herblock," says Barrett flatly, "is one of our best allies in the propaganda battle."

In the ordinary course of business, Barrett's division sends about 520 glossy prints of Herblock's cartoons to some hundred of its outposts, and another 1,100 plastic-plate reproductions. These crop up unfailingly in the daily newspapers and magazines of such widely assorted places as Peru, Greece, India, Nigeria, Australia, Hong Kong, and Malaya. When the State Department men in Rome were warming up for the recent Italian elections, one of their first acts was to dispatch a hurry call for nineteen of Herblock's latest. For staple use, the Department has bundled into one brochure (labeled "Herblock Looks at Communism") thirty pictorial hotfoots recently applied to the Kremlin heel. Some 531,000 copies of these have been distributed thus far, with captions translated into everything from Spanish to Vietnamese.

How to Become an Institution

Herblock's daily cartoon in the Washington *Post* goes out, via the Post-Hall Syndicate, to about 150 U.S. papers, plus the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*, the Rome *Daily American*, and various Canadian dailies.

Post-Hall Syndicate

Herblock

In Washington Herblock has become, in his comparatively brief postwar employment by the *Post*, something of an institution. For their morning pick-me-ups, many inhabitants of the nation's capital are now accustomed to skip the headlines, skip the sports page, skip even the comics, and turn directly to the editorial page to see which bigwig has been skewered, which issue has been blown up to its ultimate fatuity and then deftly punctured.

Among those who, for a variety of reasons, have incurred Herblock's displeasure recently have been Joe Stalin and Joe McCarthy, Pat McCarran and Robert Taft, General MacArthur and Dean Acheson.

For these and other assassinations, Herblock has been given a Pulitzer Prize in 1942, the Sigma Delta Chi Award in 1949 and 1950, and the Heywood Broun Prize in 1950. His cartoons have been shown at a one-man exhibition in the Corcoran Art Gallery, and then have been included in the famed Rosenwald Collection, which has so honored only one other living cartoonist, David Low.

Senators, Cabinet members, and Supreme Court Justices jostle each other in the fierce and persistent competition around the capital for originals of Her-

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block sketches, but the President seems to have the inside track. So far this year Truman has managed to acquire six.

This rivalry has not been confined to those willing to hold Herblock's coat while he fights their ideological battles. For instance, the original of a sharp jibe at the House Un-American Activities Committee some years back was requested by Congressman J. Parnell Thomas.

Such inquiries, from friend and foe alike, leave Herblock a little uneasy. When the White House called to say that the President would attend his show at the Corcoran, Herblock was in a quandary as to whether he should be on hand himself. As it turned out, the President greeted him warmly and overstayed his allotted ten minutes by half an hour.

Whether this sojourn in the Hall of Fame will last is not one of Herblock's worries. He's inclined, at best, to go along with the lady who inspected his drawings at the Corcoran and declared: "There's a complete *timelessness* about your drawings, Mr. Herblock. I can still understand the ones you did a year ago."

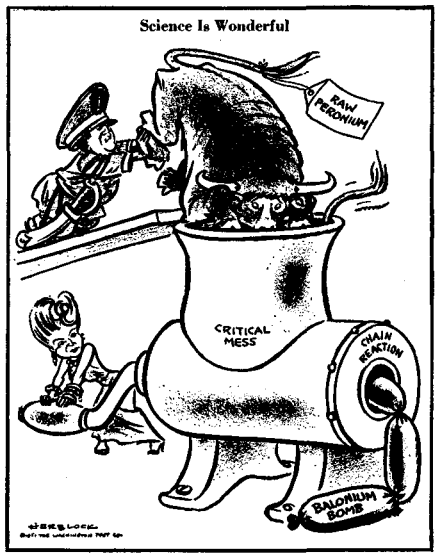
Ground Hogs and Nut Hatches

Notoriety, however, has brought Herblock certain occupational headaches. He can rarely hope to leave a party—and, as an eligible bachelor, he goes to a great many—without having one or more ladies accost him to ask, "Where *do* you get your ideas, Mr. Herblock?" Herblock's usual reply—that he gets his ideas from reading the newspapers, listening to the radio, and talking with the people he meets—is regarded as too simple.

Cartoonist Dan Dowling of the Omaha *World Herald* describes his own creative processes thus: "First, I read slowly and carefully the news stories . . . hoping an idea will come. Then I resort to a notebook full of captions, well-known expressions, etc. If that fails, I thumb through countless pictures and illustrations trying to find an action to fit the situation. On a few bad days this has gone on six or eight hours with no results, and there is nothing left to do but start over again."

To break through this species of "cartoonist's block," one writer advises the neophyte to "jot down a list of holidays and other significant days . . . such as Fire Prevention Week. . . . They might work into a good 'situation' when ideas are lagging. For instance, if it is early February and some political candidate is forever dodging an important issue, the candidate might show up in your cartoon as a ground-hog looking at his shadow (labeled the important issue) and deciding to go back into hiding. There you have the *makings* for an idea, where before you had no idea at all."

In Herblock's book, you still wouldn't have an idea. His own vital interest in what's going on in the world frees him from dependence upon nostrums and rituals. "It isn't a matter of finding a subject," he says. "It's a matter of deciding which is better to do. There are so many s.o.b.'s loose in the national nut hatch these days, I couldn't run out of material if I tried." Unlike many other cartoonists who produce a cartoon every day, Herblock always writes his own captions. They are integral parts of the cartoons, and bear his stamp as clearly as any pen stroke. A sample: the title over a cartoon on the Soviet "purification" of Prokofieff—"Arrangement for Piano, Hammer and Sickle."



The Working Day

The ladies who accost Herblock at parties have two other questions which they like to ask when they are lucky enough to retain the cartoonist's ear after their first one: "How is it that your cartoons always coincide with the editorials?" and "How is it that your cartoons never coincide with the editorials?" The questions merit a joint answer: The *Post's* editor, Herbert Elliston, confers with Herblock regularly —not so that the cartoonist can "illustrate" the paper's editorials but so that he can avoid duplication of effort. Herblock, in brief, is considered more an independent columnist than a hired artist.

That his drawings reflect the *Post's* viewpoint is an indication of a happy wedding of interests, not of supervision by Elliston. Actually Herblock tends to anticipate rather than to follow the *Post's* line. As Alan Barth, one of the editorial writers, has observed: "I would no more suggest an idea for a cartoon to Herb than I'd try to bribe the Supreme Court. But plenty of times I've gone running in to *him* for ideas of what to write about."

The influx of people running into Herblock's office for one reason or another constitutes, in fact, one of the

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cartoonist's principal nonpolitical gripes. Concentration, he has declared, is not easy when at any moment he can expect "a committee for the revival of the Whig Party, four unidentified boys who set to work making paper cutouts of my cartoons, a fellow who wants to know where is the gents' room, two window washers with pails, and the complete original cast of 'The Student Prince.' "

Herblock usually shows up at the *Post* to open his office to these visitors around noon. His air-conditioned cubbyhole appears at first sight to be nothing more than a slight clearing in a jungle of old newspapers. "Other people collect stamps and stuff," says Herblock. "I collect newspapers." Closer inspection reveals a battered globe on a group of file cases, some turkey feathers for brushing away crumbs of art gum, an old Montgomery Ward catalogue (for cribbing details of old-fashioned goods and chattels), a radio, an ink-spattered desk, and a cluster of jars stuffed with pencils, pens, brushes, and bits of soap.

Idea Men

After a few friends have telephoned to give him a wonderful idea for a cartoon ("You draw a picture of a rat, see? And label it 'Stalin.' Get it? A rat, see?"), he goes out to lunch. Back again, he locks the door, takes the phone off the hook, and buckles down to the business of producing four or five sketches for Elliston's inspection at 3:30—often trying them out on a copy boy or his secretary first.

When a selection has been made by Elliston, who has been known to complain about having to discard all but one of Herblock's ideas, Herblock retires again, pulls a dirty towel over his knees, balances his drawing board between table and lap, and begins to draw his finished cartoon, his watery-blue eyes squinting through the tobacco smoke.

The job done, he carries it downstairs to the engravers, who, he swears, "according to the mystic rites of their craft, will all look at the clock and chant in unison, 'Where the hell you been up to now?' "

Early Years

Herblock seems to have come to his calling with no particular sense of destiny, yet with no deviation either. The son of a Chicago chemist, he messed about idly with cartoons on his school paper, continued to draw at Lake Forest College, and quit school after a couple of years for a job on the Chicago *Daily News*. Four years later, in 1933, he joined the Cleveland staff of the Newspaper Enterprise Association (NEA), an affiliate of the Scripps-Howard organization.

In those days the Scripps-Howard editorial policies were somewhat different from what they have become later, and Herblock had no trouble meshing his cartoons with NEA's policy. "They were pretty hot for F.D.R. themselves," he recalls.

Later, as the lessons of the Spanish Civil War and Munich impressed themselves upon the young cartoonist, he began to oppose American isolationism. Although no one interfered with him, this was not quite what NEA wanted.

During the war Herblock marked time in an Army Information unit, helping to put out a newspaper. He continued to draw, but his work never attained the popularity of Bill Mauldin's Willie and Joe or George Baker's repressible Sad Sack. Demobilization found him looking around for a new job. Herblock could have gone back with NEA, but it now seemed politically uncongenial to him.

At this point fate, in the chubby form of Eugene Meyer, owner of the Washington *Post*, took a hand. Meyer invited Herblock to lunch. The *Post* had been without a cartoonist for several years, and each party, clearly, was ripe for a deal.

As they finished their coffee and their conversational sparring, Herblock said: "Look, before we go any further, suppose I send you a batch of my cartoons, so you can get a line on me." To which Meyer sensibly replied: "And I'll send you some of our editorials, so you can get a line on us." The lines converged, and it is now doubtful if they will ever part.

'Fire!'

On his craft, Herblock likes to quote the reason given by Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the New York *Times*, for not running a daily editorial cartoon: "In a cartoon, you can't say 'on the one hand' and 'on the other hand.' "

Certainly there is very little judicious weighing of all arguments in a Herblock cartoon. He offers not a set of scales but a meat cleaver, not an argument but a conclusion. Unlike Sulzberger, Elliston of the *Post* sees advantages in daily cartoons, at least in those drawn by Herblock. "A great cartoonist must have great simplicity," Elliston has remarked. "Herb's not a profound thinker, but he has the incisiveness of a poet, or a child. He cuts to the heart of the matter with a ruthless precision we scribblers just can't hope to match.

"Do you remember that one he did of a Congressional witch hunter scrambling up a ladder propped against the Statue of Liberty? The little fella's got a bucket of water, and he's headed for the torch, yelling 'Fire!' What more could we have said in three paragraphs?"

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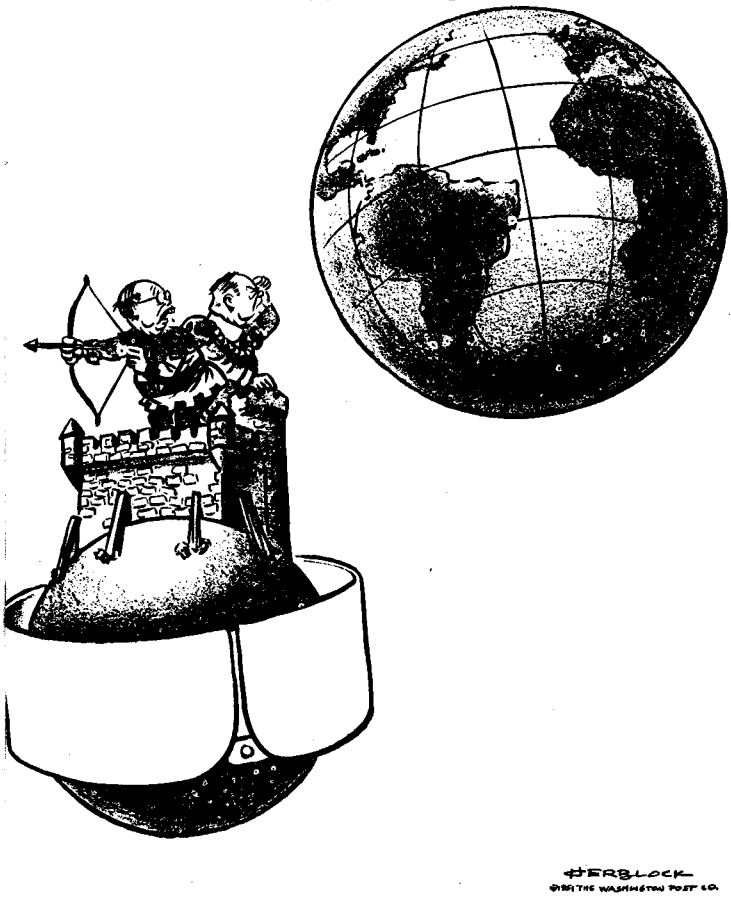
"What Would You Charge To Let Me Protect You?"

"Yeah"

"See Any Knaves Approaching The Moat, Sire?"



The Great Oriental Disappearing Act

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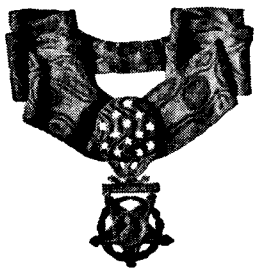
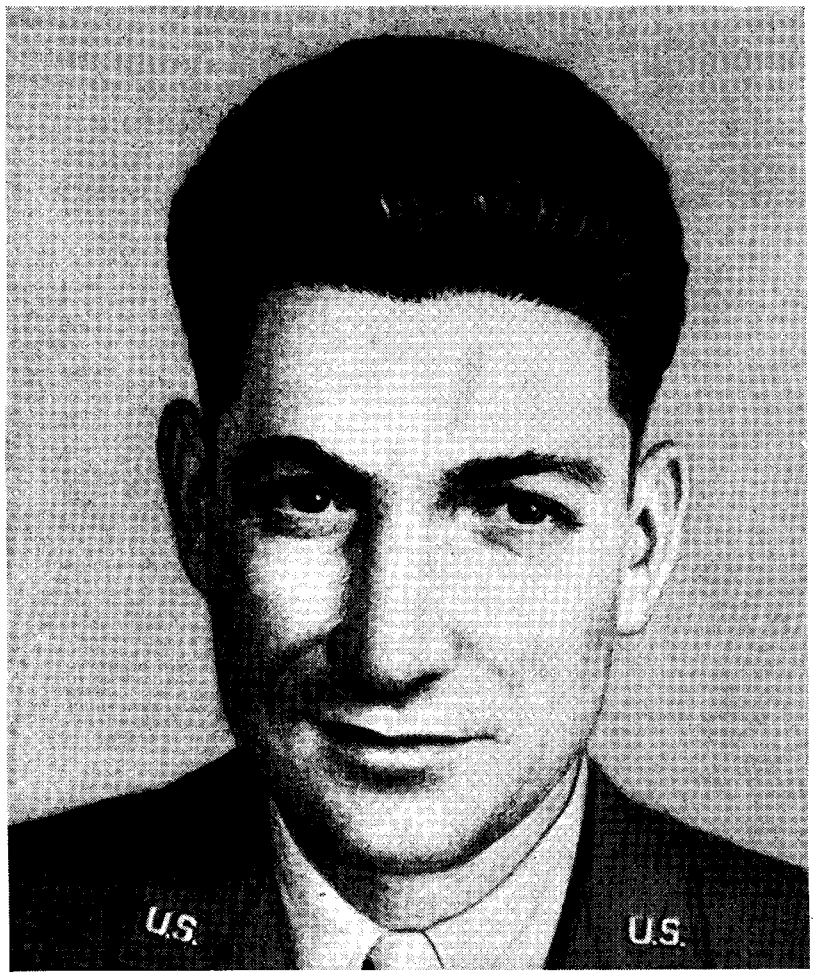
Medal of Honor





Lieutenant Frederick Henry of Clinton, Oklahoma—Medal of Honor for sacrificing himself to save his platoon in combat near Am-Dong, Korea, September 1, 1950. When the platoon could no longer hold its position, Lieutenant Henry ordered the men to pull back. But someone had to stay behind to provide covering fire. He chose to be that man, and was lost.

Always remember this—Lieutenant Henry offered his life for more than just a small platoon in far-away Korea. It was also for America. For you.

Isn't there something you can do when this man did so much? Yes, there is. You can help keep the land he loved solid and strong and secure. You can do a job for defense . . . by buying United States Defense* Bonds, *now!* For your bonds give your country greater strength. And a strong America is your best hope for peace and freedom—just as it was his.

Defense is your job, too. For the sake of *every* man in service, and for ***yours,*** start buying more United States Defense Bonds now.

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

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